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MEMORIALS

FROM

BEN RHYDDING.

BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

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MEMORIALS

FROM

BEN RHYDDING:

CONCERNING

The Place, its People, its Cures.

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"Nature is the physician of diseases."—Hippocrates.

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MEMORIALS

FROM

BEN RHYDDING.

ILKLEY.

Chapter I.

Personal.

IT was on an evening of leafy June, ANNO DOMINI 1850, that I first saw the valley of the WHARFE. Shattered in frame, my nervous

system a wreck, and sick, most sick at heart, I had turned towards BEN RHYDDING in hope, but hope so faint and dull, that it rather seemed a mere transient lifting up of the cold cloud of despair. It was, indeed, a lovely evening, nor could even my deep disarrangement and want of sympathy with Nature and Truth withhold me from feeling its influences. I rode from Leeds in an open carriage; and the soft air rolling down the valley soothed me as it fanned my cheek, like the touch almost of a mother's hand. Never shall I forget the moment when, on turning the heights above Otley, the splendour of sunset, glorifying the whole upper dale, burst upon my heart, and drew from it—depressed and wretched though I was—a throb and an aspiration belonging rather to the bygone times of childhood.

My illness was of long standing, and its secondary forms or consequences had become far more

disastrous and menacing than itself. Five years ago I was stricken by a low nervous fever, the issue of profound and protracted anxieties, involving more than prosperity, or even life. As usual in such cases, sleep fled; and my physician, than whom a kinder never existed, fondled me with opiates. Intense irritation of the stomach—a frequent concomitant or result of such fevers—was likewise a sequel in my case; and it seemed necessary that the use of opiates and anodynes should be prolonged. At length was I reduced to reckon, as part of my daily food, a detestable mixture of deadliest poison—a mixture whose composition I am most unwilling to tell, for never did demon put on more deftly the garments of an angel of light. Its early insidious soothings—who could forget them! How ethereal and soft those billows of luxurious ease flowing round and round the vexed body, and wooing pain to rest by the gentlest lullaby! Sleep under that anodyne is, at first,

the sleep of a sinless infant, neither dreamful nor yet wholly unconscious—mingling with it that delicious feeling of pleasure in mere *being*, which the late metaphysician, Dr Thomas Brown, considered a separate and distinctive *sense*. And it endowed me with such *strength* besides,—power alike muscular and intellectual. Prostrate, as I might be, racked by pain, mind and body exhausted and prone—hand me that draught, and in one quarter of an hour I could face any danger, and contend with all difficulty. Not through *excitement* either, for there was none; the fearful compound merely possessed itself of the throne of Nature, dispensing therefrom, *not* the blessings of the rightful sovereign, but a counterfeit most skilful—so like the real energy, indeed, that only some acute and experienced eye could detect the difference.

But the day of vengeance—of terrible al-

though most fitting compensation—came swift; hideous MOKANNA raising the veil, so soon as the subjection of his mocked victim seemed complete. And through an appalling kind of propriety, the blow fell earliest on that very portion of my existence which was first soothed by the hollow promise of consolation—I mean the hours of sleep. No more those delicious zephyrs, as if from some land of bliss, freighted with repose. Sleep came indeed; at least something different from the waking state, for verily I should not call it sleep. To the struggling and wearying hours through which in this condition it was my doom to pass, I owe the idea of what to my reader must appear a thing unintelligible if not impossible—an *organised* or *systematic chaos.* In ordinary speech, chaos represents what by its very nature is the opposite of all organisation and order; but that chaos into which I was now dragged nightly had some frightful and un-

manageable order of its own. Instead of looking like mere confusion or simple inert derangement, it seemed to reveal itself as a Titanic force, at war with peace, beneficence, and intelligence; raising up in sight of my poor spirit, as it lay supine, tremendous systems that no man could understand, and powers at which I could only gaze in horror. I shudder at the dimmest recollection of huge processions of things—shall I indeed call them *things?*—motionless, frozen processions of ideas, images, conceptions never realised or realisable on earth—marching onwards in accordance with some inexplicable purpose and towards some inexplicable end; *lights* too there were, tongues of flame, but without a flicker or symptom of life, so still were they; and unearthly, tumultuous heavings from below,—not the movements of an active, healthful World, but arising in far-off, dread abysses, on whose blackness sun never shone.

It has been said, with singular truth, by DE QUINCEY, that the most impressive object in nature, whether for consolation or terror, is the human countenance. I believe I am constitutionally more than usually susceptible to affections from this marvellous organisation; I am the slave, for instance, of involuntary sympathies and antipathies; there lie in my mind indeed, thence derived, fond recollections of Beings seen once, and then lost for all time; and I have been warned occasionally, by the same monitor, against associations which must have brought both pain and shame; in this way, for instance, I escaped connexion with a recent celebrated murderer. I presume there is no doubt as to *one* cause, at least, of the power thus resident in the countenance; *there*, we have the most expressive and clearest exposition of the character of the SPIRIT; through its subtle lineaments, Mind is projected outwards

with peculiar force, throwing itself into close contact with other minds, especially if the observer be of an acute and sensitive nervous temperament. I had once a strange illustration of the truth of this theory. On a fine summer morning, between three and four o'clock, lying awake on my bed, I heard the sash of my window move, and after a brief interval, the simple catch of the shutter was thrown back by some mechanical contrivance from without. I waited expectant, and in a few seconds, a face, stamped with iniquity, intent on desperate purpose, gazed into my room. It was a face of youth, far from ill-favoured, and certainly not wanting in intelligence; in so far as feature was concerned, it could not be called unpleasing; but that face, as, on leaping to the window, I met it for an instant opposed to mine, staring out from the midst of the morning, will haunt me as a vision of pure unveiled SIN until my dying day. Now, in dreams, especially

in those to which I have been referring, the countenance loses every *inexpressive* characteristic—nothing is meaningless. How I have heaved and fought as if for life, when my astonied soul lay transfixed before physiognomies laden with dread, determinate, but to me unknown significance! Happily, as the dream broke, consolation sometimes came even to my most utter misery; for, as if from a great distance, I would descry a STAR, growing and diffusing its radiance, until, as it approached, I came to recognise a glorified countenance profoundly cherished in earlier years, but long a portion of the unseen: the spell then burst asunder, and in blissful agony I awoke.

—Rash, unreflecting Men! who, because of rackings of Body or fiends of the Mind, would betake to comforters such as these! PAIN and SORROW? Within this mysterious, sublunary dis-

pensation, are not they also established forces, working incessantly at their allotted parts—purifying the soul by chastening, rousing it to manful struggle, evoking its slumbering might, and intensifying its energies? Flee not, oh! flee not the encounter, if, to escape, thou must descend from the high platform of duty, and by thine acts say scorn to the laws which govern our wondrous organisation! Fear not, but fight on! If thou art strong, shall not a loftier strength—all irrespective of victory—reach thee through the contest? If thou art weak, surely the winds are tempered to the shorn lamb!

But *revenons*. Shrouded within the benignity of the setting sun, I first saw the towers of Ben Rhydding. Emotions various and manifold are fain to rise up at the recollection; but I would hasten rather to speak of my unexpected, almost marvellous renovation. Received by the physi-

cian with his accustomed frankness, I related my griefs, and the habits amidst which they had involved me. For a moment he seemed amazed at the extent of the latter, and alarmed by their danger ; but on receiving my assurance, that I was resolved on emancipation, and ready to endure any pain in the process, he said, that certainly we should succeed. A question of paramount moment immediately occurred,—Should we attempt an immediate or gradual abandonment ? My own sanguine disposition inclined me to plead for the adoption of the former : the result I shall minutely describe ; but, in the first place, I wish to offer one or two practical remarks of some importance, because I think they may be introduced at this point of my narrative more appropriately than at any other :—

First ;—Whatever the stimulant inthralling him—be it opiates, or something yet grosser—I am convinced that, unless in the rarest of cases, the

sufferer can never work out his freedom *of himself*, or without aid, bordering (however slightly or disguisedly) on *constraint*. The method by which enfranchisement can be attained most easily and safely—especially apart from the superintendence of a physician—is evidently a daily lessening of the doze; but I greatly doubt, if true and enduring good has often been accomplished by simple efforts of the patient in this direction. Nor is the reason obscure. *All narcotics affect the* WILL, *and enervate it;* so that the struggle against the remainder of the evil is undertaken by a Will whose power to abide by its resolution has been confessedly weakened previous to the occurrence of the emergency. An illustrious contemporary poet, than whose habits *now*, those of no saint are purer, told me, that at one period he had become so helpless a slave to tobacco, that his last thought at night seemed to be—"Well, it must soon be morning, when I shall again have

my cigar ;" and during that infatuation, he had scarce active energy enough to write the simplest letter ! Alas ! poor COLERIDGE ! Gifted seer of so much that to other men is inscrutable, of the unfathomed riches dwelling within the bosom of DIVINITY,—how sadly shall these wondrous fragments of Orphic thought, cause the world, through its long generations, to deplore, that victory came not to thine unutterable moanings—moanings never to be remembered without a grief, and achings of the heart that have no expression in tears !

But *secondly:* And here I speak from a various and most woful experience ;—I would fain and urgently impress, that in attempting to gain the requisite aid from constraint, no effort should be spared to secure the thorough assent of the wretched sufferer. It is not indeed likely that in many instances, an individual so afflicted, will, of his own pure volition, solicit to be

watched and guided in order to restoration. The very existence of the disarrangement renders such act on his part exceedingly improbable; and there are cases which can scarce be treated otherwise than manifestations of positive and perverse insanity: nevertheless, I aver unhesitatingly, that, unless by some means, that diseased and enfeebled Will has been induced to long for health and disinthralment, and to move, therefore, partly of its own accord, towards the only effective mode of achieving it, there is small hope of permanent or even *lasting* cure. And why should this seem a mystery? Has that infirm man no passions that inflame, when he may think himself trampled on? Feels he in all cases, or even in most, no impulses from manly pride, no thought even in his lowest depth, that a better place in God's Universe may be yet attained by him, no longings, however hidden, however few and far between, after the exercise

of a renewed moral independence? When such things do exist, in the name of Heaven's mercy, crush them not! Why does the wise parent shrink from rude, or even *direct*, notice of his child's earliest and remediable aberrations? Whence the defiant scowl of the young criminal, after that first punishment, which has probably stamped him *felon* for life? Physical restraint is ever easy of application, and shackles plentiful: it is in detecting the *moral treatment* which alone is potent to recover such as are reclaimable, that real difficulty resides; and the effort to discern and employ it is often alike repulsive to the careless and unintelligible by the ignorant.—I have referred to unhappy experiences. One acquaintance of no common promise, who, as I verily believe, simply through the effect of injudicious severity, was driven from his home, now wanders an exile, if not an outcast, among the back woods of America: but fates far worse

were thine, my early and accomplished Friend! Rich the gifts within that chiselled forehead, nor did heart ever throb with more ardent affections; but, alas! for thy facile disposition, and faults most numerous, though ever "leaning to virtue's side." To eradicate one of the worst vices into which an organisation so clear, but withal too yielding, could have fallen, those around him—far from deficient in regard, only not understanding the mechanism they tampered with—seized and cast him into a madhouse. The blow was final. Self-respect, already enfeebled—all self-confidence—seemed annihilated at once. The recollection of that indignity never left him, but became exaggerated into the idea, that before the whole world his manhood had been outraged and proclaimed dead. Utter recklessness ensued; first, deceit—then, contempt of appearances; fatal alienation from home; and at the close of the melancholy story, this rarest of minds, framed to delight and

instruct, more perhaps than any other I ever knew, literally perished on a dunghill.*

I shall not again interrupt my own narrative. Personally, I had long resigned hope of good from mere unaided effort. Gradual abandonment I had attempted; but, partly through the cause referred to, partly because of the requisitions of public duty, which permitted no repose and would tolerate no weakness, I failed. Nor, as it

* Should any unhappy victim of habits so debasing draw from these remarks even a shadow of apology for the crimes he is hourly committing against himself and Heaven, I shall almost regret having written them. My object is wide from such a thing as pole from pole.—But I care nothing for the sneer that has recently sprouted up as a rank weed, and with other such weeds grown wonderfully into fashion amongst us. It will be quite time enough to set watch over the "*rose-water system*" (as the use of considerate kindness has been baptized), when it shall appear in any excess as a rule of action among men. So long, however, as a certain gibberish, made up more than half, of insane and scarcely articulate curses, attempts with any success to pass itself off as oracular, we need not greatly fear.—The writings I refer to remind me not unfrequently of DE MAISTRE'S serious apotheosis of *Hangmen*, in his strange *Soirées de St Petersbourg.*

turned out, was my system capable of enduring the shock of a sudden and total withdrawal of what had been so long the chief source of my effective nervous influence. As I have said, Dr Macleod, after much consideration, consented that we should first try this latter method,—he watching the consequences; and surely never did brother hang more solicitously over brother at some great crisis of fate. Evil was anticipated, but not in the degree that ensued. During the second night I fell into convulsions; and the alarmed attendant summoned my friend. At the point of serious hazard, he administered an opiate, and I again became calm, and slept. I had often been told previously, that, to get rid of the evils surrounding me, I should "make a plunge;" rising above them at once, and casting them away: but I ask now, whether that was possible? Rare, indeed, the power for an achievement so arduous,—power either of body or mind. One instance of success I have

certainly known; but the more I reflect on it, the less seems it a rule for ordinary men—the nearer it appears to the marvellous. During considerable part of a lifetime, I have enjoyed communion with a Man of remarkable Genius,—one of the purest, most classic Writers of our Age. Through effect of early infirmity, he had grown into a helpless thrall of Opium; and, for years I care not to name, he had consumed it daily, in the form of laudanum, in quantities quite incredible. Strange to say, this persistent misusage had not in his case dimmed the clear lustre of his intellect; but, as age approached, fatal influences began to shew themselves; and, on one morning, as a throw for prolonged life, he resolved to touch laudanum no more. His *physique*—which, like his *will*, must have originally possessed an almost superhuman energy—survived the shock; and, in so far as I know, he has not tasted the drug since! Think of this, ye willing Slaves even of short-lived

habits! Think of the valour of that fine old Man, and withdraw your apologies in shame!

One experiment like that just detailed being enough, Dr MACLEOD proceeded to arrange for my deliverance by the *gradual method.* And now comes the really wonderful portion of my story. The cautious and skilful application of Hydropathy had on my constitution an influence so blessed, that, within the period of THREE WEEKS, I ceased to feel the need of stimulants and anodynes! These brief three weeks, sufficed, under skilful guardianship, to deliver me from a bondage consolidated during full five years; and, what is perhaps yet more wonderful, I did not, at any period or step of the process, experience sensation of want, craving for what I could not obtain, or perceptible physical inconvenience.* Before

* I was fortunate; for this does not happen always. I have seen instances since, of sufferers under similar illnesses, enduring many

the power of the simplest practices, the disorganisation of a lustrum disappeared; and my distracted nervous structure returned into consonance with truthfulness and health. I shall not explain at present by what special means I reached benefits so eminent,—postponing such discussion until I establish, two chapters onward, certain general principles in hydropathy: this, however, I may say, that never, in one single instance, was I subjected to pain or inconvenience; I soon walked through Wharfedale, as if I had been no invalid, and climbed hills

relapses, during progress in convalescence. Headaches recurring ever and anon; excessive languor; various forms of mental and bodily prostration; in one case, the blood-vessels lost their power to propel the blood with due quickness, on the stimulant being withdrawn,—the consequence being, a general and somewhat hazardous tumefaction of these vessels, interior and exterior. Yet, over all, the gentle action of hydropathy prevailed; and elastic health was recovered. Nothing, however, impressed me more than the sight of these relapses, with the feeling that *assistance* is indispensable in such cases. Had *I* endured such, and been alone at home, I should, in all human probability, have sought relief in recurrence to the Poison.

before breakfast, gladly as of old, when few crags could affright me; affections of the Heart, which I had been told were organic, fled wholly away; and once more I felt that, with foot firm on the sod of our World, I could look upwards, and bless Heaven for the boon of simple existence.

And now, gentle Reader, as I and my personal affairs fade from your view, one sincere and parting word. Who I am you know not, and perhaps shall never know; neither may the facts I have spoken of, and of which I yet shall speak, be verifiable by aid of scientific chronology; but, in fullest consciousness that you and I alike belong to a scheme of things wherein Reality alone shall finally stand, I solemnly assure you that I have coloured nothing, and that my subsequent narratives shall all have the same tower-mark—the stamp of Truth. If, indeed, your interest in them

has a root deeper than in mere curiosity—if, an unhappy Sufferer, you are casting uneasily about in search of the possibility of relief—I think I can safely say, that the verification of my every statement may be found laid up among the archives of BEN RHYDDING.

But hie we to the wondrous WELL itself:—I intend to sketch for you a few features of a Picture, on which, as a whole, it may hereafter be your fortune to gaze, and then to cherish in your memory as you would an Amulet.

BEN RHYDDING

Chapter II.

Aesthetic.

ON the slope of a hill, half way towards its broad embattled summit, stands the edifice of BEN RHYDDING. Behind the rocks which over-

hang it, an extensive moor—the collecting ground of its waters—goes off to the south and west, stretching in one direction, with slight interruptions, as far as the neighbourhood of SKIPTON; and in front, the eye reposes on the fairest and most spacious of those parallel valleys which constitute the physical framework of the western regions of Yorkshire. It is clear from this even, that, in reference to one important attribute, the spot is well chosen as a shrine of HYGEIA; for, should the Sun beat too strongly on lower levels, refreshment may be had amid racy breezes on the uplands; and when Cold and Storm are on the heath, there is shelter within the ornamented enclosures of the Mansion, and a still warmer climate by the placid banks of the WHARFE.

Much of the peculiar character of hilly districts springs from the immediate proximity or rather *adjacency* of barrenness and verdure; nay,

it is, perhaps, on the proportions and other relations of these two elements that the æsthetic aspect of a country mainly depends. Among mountains like those of Westmoreland, &c., the fertile parts —limited in extent, being confined within small hollows or dells—are necessarily of subordinate influence: although they relieve very exquisitely, and sweetly *humanise* the almost oppressive silence and solemnity around: but the landscape of which I write, bears to that of such districts few traces of resemblance. A sweep of lowland so commanding, ranging from east to west until, at each extremity, its barriers have become tinged with cerulean, cannot, like a few pleasant but interrupted enclosures, act only as a relief or pendant; but, on the contrary, must, with its own superb individuality, dominate over the scene. From a long and capacious basin of richest culture, filled from morn till eve with the light of the sun and the joy of birds, and only protected within

its large and gracious retirement by two parallel lines of hills, no Spirit can arise save that of the BEAUTIFUL; which accordingly fills this air, and broods over the whole earth. The fringes of rock and heath, which from below one traces along the heights, only quicken our apprehension of the pervading sentiment, as one colour is intensified by the presence of its opposite; or if these indications of neighbouring barrenness play any distinctive part, it is, that, as seeming frontiers of further indefinite and untamed expanses, they banish all feeling of confinement, and bar the approach of that sense of languor and satiety which sometimes creeps uneasily over us, in the midst of endless unbroken luxuriance.

But why dwell with abstractions, or resort to philosophic anatomising, while living and breathing Wharfedale lies full before us? Not certainly so picturesque as Todmorden *once*—*i. e.*, in those

times of the forefathers wherein neither staring red-brick * factories, nor their very apposite chimneys, had been dreamt of as possible inmates of a valley little inferior in most respects to Italian Tivoli; neither are we arrested here by sullen crags or columns reared by the giants, like those which build up the sublime terrors of Teesdale. Yet gaze on it, traveller! bare your soul before that gorgeous expanse, and tell me—

* I was once, I confess, a good deal of a political economist, and still I have a *penchant* in that direction; but what on earth can men mean by pleading for "liberty"—a "constitutional right," it seems—to deface the finest regions of England? Is it not true that smoke *can* now be consumed, although at the cost of a little trouble and money? And if so, ought not every one of these black chimneys to be dealt with summarily by the policeman? We are quite wrong about the so-called maxim *Laissez aller*. Depend on it, it is neither an Euclidean axiom, nor a first or fundamental principle of the human constitution. When shewn to be beneficial in particular cases, by all means apply it there; but it will require unusual ingenuity, I should think, to challenge its protection for black chimneys—be their dismal products physically black or politically black, or, what seems least of all offensive, only morally black. Thank Heaven, there are none such in Upper Wharfedale; nor can there be, for one good and effective moral reason—the miners can't find coal!

through what lands soever you have wandered on your way to Ben Rhydding—whether there is not room there for the very best and largest which this whole world can ever make of you—whether you can reach a good thought not written out beforehand by the forms you are contemplating, or an aspiration which—purer and wider in the echo—Wharfedale sends not swiftly back? I have hung over this valley, at various hours and seasons, and in very different moods. I have lived with it in cloud and sunshine, when things were all gay, and again when all things—worlds, too, farther off than the visible—seemed averse or in weeds; and I have now honestly to declare—(premising, O charitable PUBLIC! that I possess not one square inch of land within the wide area of Yorkshire, and, moreover—although this may strike you as exceedingly surprising—that I cannot boast of the meanest fraction of a share in the establishment of Ben Rhydding)—yes, not-

withstanding, and in sound faith, I declare, that did pleasure allure or grisly care pursue me, there is not a spot towards which I would sooner turn my steps, not in broad England. Do you call this extravagance, and insist on systematic proof? Must I, to convince an incredulous generation, specify, broker-like, the shapes and sizes of my separate wares? Quiet DENTON, for instance,—shall it be discoursed of after the manner of some fussy GEORGE ROBINS? "English scene—perfect. Historic associations essential to first-class mansions—manifold. Domain of old General FAIRFAX; possessed at present by eminent Manufacturer—light or shadow perhaps from times of Commonwealth; as to *which* of the two, settle as you please. Lines of fine wood; park, elegant, studded with trees, private—scrupulously; frequented by deer, not by *mobs:* Wharfe in foreground, winding, silvery; trout protected—poachers imprisoned: villages, hedgerows, towers

and spires—English, very. Catholic chapel at Otley, superb, pleasant to Puseyites; Addingham, dissent, meeting-houses — agreeable to many others!"—Empty sounds, sweet DENTON! Emptiest when most magniloquent; for amid silence only can the heart enjoy the fulness of thy soft repose! And also in silence, undisturbed by pretending speech, look we from the upper grounds of Ben Rhydding, or, better still, from the Roman mound above STEAD, along that gorgeous scoop towards the east, whether the clouds are careering over it—literally *painting* it most variously by their shadows—or the morning Sun has challenged an undisputed sway. Difficult, perhaps, in this case, to restrain utterance of emotion, for the valley is exultant, the scene vaster—rising into grandeur. Then bear your joyousness to the Moors,—the sporting-ground of the blackcock and the breeze; but, ere day's Master terminates his course, return and behold him descending among the contours

which veil that shy enclosure of Craven. I speak not now of supernal splendours, of majestic arrays of clouds, opening and again folding in, covering their Monarch's glorified departure,—these not being peculiar or confined to Wharfedale; but find me the counterpart of that western Valley? Exquisite itself, its forms soft as evening, the woods and hedgerows fringing the silver river, thrown by effect of foreshortening into masses of varied and subdued luxuriance,—the whole shape and posture of that graceful concave appear as if planned so that it receive with outstretched arms, and embosom all celestial influences. Singularly various these are! Sometimes, when the storm-cloud behind piles up wild Alp on Alp—Pelion, by Titanic force, heaved on the top of Ossa—how wonderful the intermixture of gloom and beauty, smiles withdrawing into something more awful than sadness, repose startled within its chartered dwelling-place, by the appari-

tion of that dark, impenetrable, pall-like background which enshrouds all Life and Knowledge. The blackness, however, is only momentary; for behold it now! Light unmingled from the setting Sun, streaming through it all, filling it, by aid of a half-transparent vapour, as if with an atmosphere of gold, and tinting every tree, every leaf, with that rare yellow green which makes evening at any season autumnal.—Right in so far was the poet—

> *Lady! we do receive but what we give,*
> *And in our life alone does Nature live.*

And strange tales I have heard in corroboration; how the best places of the earth—starred midnight itself—have been seen, and yet not seen, the eye being filled with emptiness: nevertheless Nature is never altogether passive; if at first she gives not of herself, she at least woos us to give; and I think, however cross the Lady, or pre-occupied with landscapes of Lace and Ludgate Hill, I

might venture to lay her down to look on that loveliness, in rational if not sanguine hope of her finally moving homeward in calmness, perhaps in penitence; possessed, it may be, by some new and strange desire, that — like the fascinated bridegroom of the gray-haired mariner—at once sadder and wiser she may wake to-morrow morn!

I dwell thus especially on the character and scenery of Ben Rhydding, not merely to enjoy again the pleasures I have thence derived, far less because I would indite irrelevant eulogies; but chiefly on account of this—that to be environed by natural forms, fitted to silence irritation, and to stimulate by their variety, is at once a distinctive and a signal Hygienic attribute of the place. With the same object it would delight me to overpass the limits of Wharfedale,—journeying towards neighbouring spots of beauty and interest, which from this central point one can visit, alone or in company, and return, in a single day. I might speak, for instance, of HAREWOOD, a superb Italian Villa, with corresponding Gardens, in themselves exquisite—although it might be questioned by the sensitive, how far such things can ever harmonise with the shifting aërial masses which constitute a prominent and inseparable feature of the pure English

landscape.* Then there is FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY, still the skeleton of a complete Fane and Monastery, with all their appliances; and elsewhere, groves, and woods, and panoramas without number. Time and Space, however, are niggard alike, for important discussions await us; wherefore I shall linger only within that valley of CRAVEN, whose opening we have already seen, nestling beneath the sunset.

It is requisite to drive along the banks of the Wharfe perhaps for an hour before one fairly enters a region never to be forgotten. The common mode of reaching it, however, after arriving at the Devonshire Arms, or—in some respects still better—at the White Cottage Inn at the opposite end of the bridge, is not, in my

* It is impossible to speak too warmly of the kindliness with which the English Nobility welcome visitors to their parks. There are few, if any exceptions, among the class I refer to.

opinion, the best. Without alighting, or yielding to the seductions of that tempting White Cottage, pass it, following the highway for a while, and then strike into a country road on the left, leading to the STORITHS. Amidst this deserted village, or rather these relics of a village, a mound rises to a considerable height: it is a little hill, or hillock. The ascent demands no effort; but from the summit a scene spreads out which would repay much effort. We are now descrying the more classic Highlands of Yorkshire — scenes of raid and legend, which echo still to the horn of the huntsman. *There*, only a little onward, are Rylston Fell, and Barden Fell; and many distant summits, tinged with blue, shoot up beyond: but the attraction of the place is connected only incidentally with the mountains; it concentrates within that narrow valley below, through which the Wharfe rolls down, guarded at the top by old gray Barden Tower, once a residence of warrior

Cliffords, but in the end—more fittingly—of the Shepherd Lord. It is a strip some miles in length; and of symmetry so perfect, that one marvels as it strikes the eye, at the ease with which Nature moulds her wildest luxuriance into the Beautiful, fulfilling by her marvellous spontaneity the requirements of the highest Art. How skilfully that foliage is disposed! Now in impenetrable masses, pressing in from both sides, overshading and hiding the river; then opening out to display it, as if proud of what it concealed; again retiring further back, giving place to patches of meadow; and always so finely adapting itself, perhaps with a certain aid from man, to the contours and genius of the place! For days have I wandered within those woods, living with the flowers and trees, as Time—ever gentle there—flowed by unheeded; nor, though unmarked by striking thought or deed of might, were the hours I cared not to count, either to Body or Mind perchance

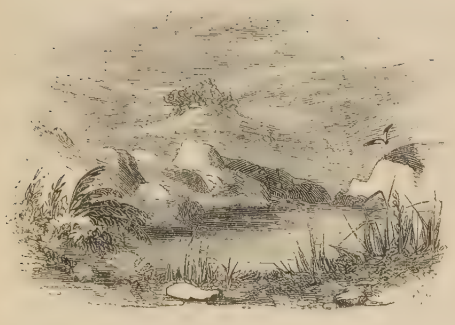
unfruitful. But descend from the hill of the Storiths, and along that narrow lane, seek once more the river's edge. Leaving it by a wicket, we stand on the top of a deep sloping bank; when—through the branches of the oak trees, forming a natural but most suitable and even artistic *setting—there*, on a fair meadow below, enclosed by a large circuit of the river—there, in glorious decay, attended by all graceful and fond benignities, is

Bolton Priory.

Yes! there, the reverent pile—reverent in its ruins, whispering audibly still, of sin and penitence, humility and peace. Edwin Landseer! And is it so? In the name of thine own high Genius, and thy large Humanity, fie upon thee! Return! Listen to Wharfe's murmur, and the sigh of the wind, and all the influences of this vocal spot,

—listen, and straightway destroy that libellous picture! Man, indeed, lived here, and with him, shortcomings, and imperfections many-hued and in multitudes; but the Expiation has long been complete, and the Iniquity forgiven; the prayers of ancient Age, and praise from the lips of Childhood—such the sounds which, flowing down from the Past, surround old BOLTON now; sounds, sweet though sad, fitting to hover around it, as it passes onwards to dissolution—that dissolution whose germ is ever deepest within the bosom of what is most Beautiful, but which speaks less of death than of change—of worlds to come, and their golden climes—

Climes that the Sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey!



It is strange how seldom one finds any object, great or small, *truthfully* painted. (We have quitted the Storiths now, and as we pass up the valley through those sequestered glades, it cannot harm us to *moralise*.) It is strange, I say, how rarely one finds any object truthfully painted. Think, for instance, of the works of your Portrait-Painters; a *genus* belonging to which, there are not, so far as I know, more than some dozen

existing Individuals who ever thought of a human countenance, except as a group of four features with chin underneath, and a flat rectangular surface above. Nor certainly have more than half that number dreamt at any time of the true and dread significance of that wondrous emblem, or felt, as with fluent pencil they fixed down its lineaments, that they were dealing with a record and a prophecy,—with a dark but significant hieroglyphic of a life-struggle between joy and woe; the effect, transient only to the outward eye, of defeats and deceitful victories—of hopes shrinking when winter is nigh, to branch out again with spring, and evermore to wither—of strength fallen into weakness, griefs whose furrow is the deeper because Pride and Will had so fain that they lay hidden;—all combining into one impressive portent of an unseen yet fixed To-Come!—What tons of bedaubed canvas shall indeed be shrivelled by that wild crackling fire

in which—according to the creed of Mr Carlyle —all lies, and shams, and gigs, are doomed to be caught at last and whirled away, perchance with bales of pamphlets he knows of, already dry as tinder, and withered as the fig-tree. Now, the fault is not with the mere artist-work or the *painting;* unspeakably less, certainly, than with the *seeing.* It is not easy to attain to accuracy in representing even *dead* forms; but to feel, to define, and then to portray the significance, the living principle of a *living* form—*hic labor, hoc opus!* The comparatively modern origin of that department of *Æsthetics* which contemplates the external Universe as a mirror in which the mind may discern its own wondrous longings and emotions, is the best possible excuse for an inexpressive painting; inasmuch as it shews, that the mystery required, for its unriddling, the most advanced culture. The Greeks, for instance, great as they were, had no descriptive poetry of

this special kind, although, in their own strange way, viz., by their machineries of Nymphs and Fairies, &c., they have recorded their feeling that somehow Nature is alive. Neither to our own Immortals of the elder days, did the World of Forms speak as now. To SPENSER'S ear, more perhaps than to any other, some of its deeper notes were revealed; but I venture to say, that the entire *Faëry Queen*, does not contain in this respect so much truth and insight as one finds in many a modern writer.—I am to quote a few exquisite *morceaux;* not, indeed, for any mere general purpose, but because they explain the sights my Reader shall see, and render articulate the voices which ever and anon will encircle him, as, by a path I should vainly attempt to describe otherwise, he finds his way towards BARDEN. *First*, a handful of flowers from WORDSWORTH'S luxuriant prairie;—no one for whom, in my own way, I am now writing a "handbook,"

will, after exploring Craven, ask *why* I have gathered *these:*—

* * * *

A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, it is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:

* * * * *

Perhaps it was a bower, beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And—with my cheek on one of these green stones
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees
Lay round me, scatter'd like a flock of sheep—
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease; and, of its joys secure,
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones
And on the vacant air.

* * * * *

An obscure retreat
Open'd at once, and stay'd my devious feet.
While thick above the rill the branches close,
In rocky basin its wild waves repose,
Inverted shrubs, and moss of glowing green,
Cling from the rocks, with pale wood weeds between;
Save that aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
On wither'd briars that o'er the crags recline,
Sole light admitted here, a small cascade,
Illumes with sparkling foam the impervious shade;
Beyond, along the vista of the brook,
Where antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,
The eye reposes on a secret bridge,
Half gray, half shagg'd with ivy to its ridge,
Whence hangs, in the cool shade, the listless swain,
Lingering behind his disappearing wain.

Next, a few stanzas from TENNYSON, descriptive of that *wood* once before visited by great DANTE,—the wood whose sombre shadows lead onwards from Time to the realm beyond—from life amidst flesh and blood, towards the Shades. Neither here nor elsewhere does the solemn Flo-

rentine expend one word on external detail; he merely states the effect which the whole had upon him, but this so powerfully, that we cannot escape his gloom—

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
Chè la dritta via era smarrita.
Ahi quanto a dir quel era è cosa dura
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte,
Che nel pensier rinnova la paura!
*Tanto è amara, che poco è più morte.**

How different TENNYSON! Not the darkness merely, nor the wood's roughness, but every feature, every flower of it, warns the poet whither his footsteps are bending; he interprets every form presented to him; he comprehends the *details* of the picture—

* Thus rendered by Dr Carlyle:—"In the middle of the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood; for the straight way was lost. Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell what a wild, and rough, and stubborn wood this was, which in my thought renews the fear; so bitter is it, that scarcely more is death."

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood; fresh-wash'd in coolest dew,
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shone in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fallen across the threshold of the sun
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms, festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

Lastly, one other strain of the "magic music," —a strain one understands all the better for having

lingered beside that Priory; but which surely Mr Burkitt had never heard, when he sent out, on elephant folio, the bald architectural forms he has presumed to term a picture of Bolton. I refer to those lines of finish and feeling, as perfect perhaps, as any within the whole range of poetry—

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness—
The last of danger and distress
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The langour of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye
That fires not, wins not, weeps not now;
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Abstraction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon:
Yes, but for these and these alone,

Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness of death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
*Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!**

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* Does the reader object to *my* method of describing the walk through which I have led him? Well, then, take another method of getting at the truth: let him *go there;* a recommendation given very heartily, but which leads me to remark on that grand deficiency in modern literature—a deficiency which Mr MURRAY is bound in conscience to supply, by a general introduction to *his* hand-books,—a work, I mean, orderly and scholarly, on the *Philosophy of Pic-Nics.* It is astonishing the amount of blundering, because of the want of such a work, and the consequent griefs inflicted on humanity. For

But, let us on. Rising far above the old gray tower, we approach the rugged summit of the loftiest elevation in the district, named by the people *Symon's Seat.* A wild place—large and free; room on it for pic-nics and all possible vanities and varieties of mind and life; its canopy is the universal one. Around, lies the finest panorama in Yorkshire; inferior to few in England. Should the horizon be clear, the eye may scan distinctly some

instance, I once looked on the STRID—whose sullen roar is even now in my ears—yes, on the very edge of its torrent, and amid its weeping blood-stained rocks; in what circumstances, think you? Why, with a worthy, but rather heavy person, distracted with rheumatism, hanging weightily on my arm! WORDSWORTH was quite right; —pic-nics require *room—room;* they are not fit for enclosures. Your very Cockney goes to a hill-top to devour his leg of lamb (which, in his vocabulary, means—seeing the country): all such expeditions ought to have similar *termini.*—If this, which is the *best*, can't be attained, then do you, my Friend, strive after the next best,—part company as early as convenient; don't go through Bolton woods with persons unknown to you, and in whose presence, just because you don't know them, you must smirk and hide yourself even from yourself. No foreseeing either, what sort of animal may set upon you; perhaps, that worst pest of all, some *clever* man, who *will* talk and

thirty or fifty miles in every direction. Canfell, Stokefell on the north; slightly to the west, Penygant and Ingleboro, between which and us, lurks a most curious place — Bardley Moor;* more nearly west is the flat top of Pendel Hill; then Bury in Lancashire; Clayton Taylor to the south; almost easterly are heights in the neighbourhood of York; then, round by Humbledon again to the north:—pasture, hill, and moor, slightly interspersed with culture, occupy the vast

talk, because he cannot be silent; or some eminent *Professor* of *Useful Knowledge*, such as, in an Alpine region, once clung to myself, and in spite of my implorings would patter on with his incessant information, until, as I began to believe, the fair landscape before me was about to be rent in pieces, and transformed into paragraphs. By good fortune, I dropped him in time, and preserved the Mountain: whither he went I know not; but it would be no unfitting consummation were his relics now fossilising in the bosom of a bog, for the benefit of one of the future *dilletanti*, who, I trust, will, in that case, dissect and distil him as ruthlessly as, if alive, he would, by trituration or solution, the dry way or the humid, for the sake of *Information*, have dissipated the KOH-I-NOR!

* Reader! would you without the trouble of a long journey, really behold mysterious, desolate PETRA? Then, go beyond Bardley Moor, and explore the chasm and stony valley of GORDALE.

expanse. Man and his history and achievements are subordinate in such a place; nay, they seem as *incidents*, and we may forget them wholly: grander Powers are around; Energies, whose products are mountains and valleys—which fashion the contours, and govern the evolution of Worlds. —Strange, after all, this Human Mind! Amid things so much mightier in semblance than itself, the first notion it alights on, is that of *instability* again. This wide and uptossed country dwindles beneath its immense conceptions, into one transient phase of the ceaseless ever-sounding ocean: but the thought, that all things pass, is united with an element of sadness no longer. The sphere of sin and incompleteness, of limitude misery and strife, reaches not so high as this; we are within the undisturbed, the uninvaded domain of an Infinite Spirit, which, though ever operating, soars above all Time and Space—resting safe from vicissitude amidst its own enduring Unchangeableness.

The shadows are now falling towards the east, and we must homewards. One glance just at a weird spot by the way. Somewhere; I shall not—through salutary terror of *pic-nics*—say exactly where; somewhere, not far from the bottom of the mountain we are descending, is a place very limited in extent, and so far from noticeable externally, that even a careful traveller may

easily miss it—a little *grove* (ἄλσος rather, at once a *grove* and a *religious sanctuary*)—which has no companion in my memory. I have said that the spot is a confined one; the base of an ordinary house would cover it all: it is a circular opening at the foot of a slight but picturesque waterfall, endowed so graciously alike in its forms and foliage, so possessed by the very spirit of peace, that one may linger there for hours, and never think of the wider world. It is in truth a "faery dell." The trees, some of them at least, are no doubt very old, for they are covered with dark moss; although, because of their eagerness to catch the sun-light, they must have sprung up hastily, and therefore have tall, thin stems. The oldest are oaks; beside which are birches, and ash, and the mountain ash; the delicate leaves of these last intermingle above, and thus, shutting out the glare of day, complete the retirement of the place. Silence and twilight! Broken or

loosed branches do not fall down here, but hang as they were broken, and become overgrown by moss. The stealthy lichen creeps over the stones; parasitic plants clasp every tree; tenderest ferns, which any wind would kill, sprout forth luxuriantly. The sound of the waterfall, an almost imperceptible rustling among the leaves, and at times a stray beam from the sun, slanting downwards as it would into a cloister,—all else is motionless. A nun, with her purest thoughts, might seek this shelter, and when she would worship the most silently; nay, it is often hard to believe that the air around is not filled with such thoughts, whisperings of guardian *genii*. Assuredly, in days of old, this place had not been nameless, or without an inhabitant; but alas now for the grove and its shrine!—

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or mystic hum

Rings through the arched roof with words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
*With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.**

It must often have occurred to the traveller in countries distinguished for exquisite scenery, as a most painful puzzle, how little, after all, familiarity with perfect natural forms, moves, or influences those living amidst them. In no moun-

* DELPHI is indeed no more: the respects that hallowed it have gone from among us to the tomb of the Capulets. Fortunately, the inimitable spot above alluded to, is within the domain of princely DEVONSHIRE, and will remain untouched. Had it been elsewhere, it might have perished in any hour, simply because some boor of a proprietor would reap what he never sowed, and, to construct the back-jam of a cow-house, wanted perhaps fifty shillings' worth of wood! The catastrophe, indeed, would not be unprecedented—something very like it occurred lately within the neighbourhood. The name of the desecrated locality has been changed for another, which I trust will go down to posterity. As to the person who has learnt so well *to do what he liked with his own*, I pray him to read and appropriate a certain stanza in the *Minstrel* regarding lovers of music.—As we change so many things, we must also change all

tainous country of Europe, for instance—Switzerland, perhaps, excepted—has the abundance of sources of sublime emotion impressed loftiness or nobility of character on the inhabitants; nay, notwithstanding the idyllic portraitures of Wordsworth, it is understood that the calendars of our own Cumberland and Westmoreland are as black as that of Middlesex, and stained with the most brutal crimes. I regret to be compelled to believe, that, in this paramount respect, all the grandeur of the district now around me, and the

this: no man must reap where he has not sowed. Is it true that great part of the venerable forest of Sherwood—those oaks of two thousand years—is falling before the *improvements* of a great Ducal House? No man will charge the present representative of that House with a mean-souled atrocity like the foregoing; but surely, if the statement referred to be true, too much has been yielded to the passion for agricultural improvement. We are publishing our historical *records* at great expense, and most properly: shall we permit the irreparable destruction of historical *monuments?* Sherwood forest ought never to have become private property; and yet it is said to have been exchanged by the Crown for the patronage of a church living required at the time for some hungry and importunate ministerial parasite!

beauty and repose of Bolton, are likewise as dead objects—having no communion with humanity. Ever and anon, as one passes along the route we have chosen, the eye is arrested by cottages richly embowered, villages as picturesque, and with prospects as commanding and various, as Imagination could desire; but if you descend from Pegasus, enter these dwelling-places, and learn their history and cares, why, unless in cases flagrantly exceptional, there is little appreciation of purity, and not a trace of refinement.*

* I would not allege that the calendar of the district we have visited stands out in any especially dark prominence, speaking *comparatively;* but, considering the remarkable amenities of the place, I confess I have been greatly struck by the number of tales afloat among these villagers, of foul deeds, springing from unbridled passion and ferocious revenge. *One*, I am disposed to relate, partly because of the singularity of some of the circumstances, and partly because it still belongs to the future—the *dénouement* has to come.—As you proceed up the river beyond Ilkley on the right, you pass a lime-kiln, long abandoned, and now usually a harbourage for gypsies. You enter then on a lovely meadow or *haugh* (*ealand* they call it here), covered with grass of exquisite green, and skirted on the side furthest from Wharfe by one of the woods of Middleton. The road

Now, a question arises of very serious import. It cannot be doubted that a virtuous God-fearing homestead ought—though its walls are

leads through this meadow; and near its left edge, about half way through the field, there is a circlet (not more than two feet in diameter), from which the soil has been removed, filled with white and gray pebbles once rolled about in the stream. One morning, a few years ago, the body of a horribly maimed murdered man was found where the grass has been replaced by that circle of stones.—It appeared that a labouring lad had, on the day before, been asked by a cousin to accompany him from a village, at a little distance, to Ilkley, on the plea that he wished to receive money, and did not care to travel home alone. The first, whom I shall call A, had, it was said afterwards, recent serious differences with a brother of B, the second of the two; nay, this brother had been heard to utter certain significant and ugly threats. Probably this was a mere concomitance; accidental: but the popular imagination seized on it with avidity, and forced conclusions out of it. Naturally a careless fellow, A forgot all disagreement with his cousins, consenting to be B's companion, and, if need be, his protector. Away they went, passing together, through dales and lanes, and along the banks of the Wharfe, and conversing, doubtless, of things of common interest: the public eye does not rest on them again until they have reached Ilkley. B, if I recollect aright, got his money; but shame it was, that he, a careful person, did not withdraw his cousin from temptation; in the circumstances, it was *imprudent*, nay, and most singular, for a man of sagacity to forget that A had a besetting sin, and not to arrest those down-draughts of unreason, which, with a fatal certainty,

of mud—to be more highly accounted, even æsthetically, than any external landscape, however fragrant with graces and harmonies; but it

were depriving the victim of all power to protect even *himself*. This black work, however, was consummated; and about eleven at night the twain left Ilkley as if to return home—A, wayward, unruly, if not quarrelsome, but with a gay light heart withal, little dreaming that Fate followed so hard behind. Next morning, by early dawn, the poor reckless fellow was found in the meadow, a battered mass; and about ten o'clock B was in the hands of justice. On his trial and acquittal at York, little additional transpired. He stated that his companion became unmanageable, and that, wearied out, he left him at the old kiln; that he walked on about a mile, and waited for him in vain, after which he went home. Near midnight, a landsteward in Middleton, on duty in the wood already spoken of (they are keen in that country about poachers) heard what he described as a strange *thumping* near the river for about an hour, and at one time voices, as if from men in struggle. He knew, he said, it was not from poachers; nor did it resemble any sound he had ever heard. It seemed some inexpressible terror; he could not go near it; he *shook* for fear—and no wonder—though he knew not why. He informed a gamekeeper during the night, and they two discovered the body. Further than this, nothing, positively nothing, came out at the trial; —the name of B's brother does not appear to have been mentioned.— On a quiet Sabbath morning I rode through a sequestered village with a companion, who had told me the story. "Look," said he, "at the old man on the chair, before that white cottage, and at the young woman with a child in her arms, standing right opposite to

is not less certain, that the perception of the Beautiful is far from uncongenial with aspiration after Holiness—the faculty of *Taste* lodges next door to the faculty of *Conscience.* How comes it, then, that amidst a very profusion of outward stimulants of the æsthetic emotions, we can trace so seldom the influence of such emotions on the general character? Nay, far lower, why does not

him, on the other side of the narrow street." Yes! there they were, face to face, asunder by only a few paces—the old father of the murdered man, and the wife and child of his companion!—Fragrant Sabbath morn! can the voice of hideous unatoned iniquity continue to intermingle with thy orisons? Do not Earth and Heaven alike refuse to receive blood unrepented of—casting it out from them with unutterable loathing? Is it not true, that remorse, as a never-dying Fury, clings to the soul of the murderer, leaves him neither by night nor day, pursues him though he hide even in Hell, and constrains him, for his life's sake, to declare his guilt, and beseech for peace, although through a terrible expiation? As the world changes, those stones will be covered up, and the circle now containing them become like the rest of the meadow; Nature has no everlasting commemoration for either the joys or the woes of Man: but—I solemnly believe—long ere then, that spot will be connected with a further history: this broken narrative has to find its sequel.—*See Appendix.*

this presence, this luxuriance of Beauty, constrain, even towards visible order and seemliness? The excuse of stringent poverty is fortunately unavailable in this instance, for *want* is unknown in Craven; nor have we anywhere in England *small freeholds* in greater abundance. I must protest, too, against the idea, that there is anything in the mere *class* of the people of whom I speak, which ought to obstruct the sway of genial influences. Akenside's peasant is by no means an impossibility; and although the great Bard of RYDAL has not painted *actual* countenances, his portraits are yet essentially *true*. Whence, then, the difficulty? Where the unhappy hitch? A complete solution of the problem I cannot undertake; but let one thing not be forgotten. In the course of these our musings, the fact has come vividly before us, that the mere possession of eye-sight is not *all* that is necessary for the perception of Beauty;

Chapter III.

Scientific.

ANCIENT, and, I suppose, veracious annals, have recorded, that, to secure enduring fame, a certain man once upon a time set fire to the

Temple of Ephesus. But the neglectful world erected, notwithstanding, no statues to his memory; which, however, I esteem a slight ingratitude, compared with the indifference with which the same saucy world has treated the claims of a genius still more notable, who recked as lightly of Temples, more august and gorgeous by far than structures of marble or altars of silver and gold, and who, were renown co-extensive with desert, would have long held a place among the PENATES of every family. Critically speaking indeed, I am not satisfied whether the Notability in question was really ever encased within a human individuality, or if, as in these days they say of old HOMER, he be not rather a MYTH—a sort of upper surface or froth of the medical science of Antiquity, as Homer was the cream of all ancient song: *thus far*, however, the fact is unquestionable, that somewhere up amid the mists of the Ages, appeared a fertile,

if rather singular dogma, declaring that derangements or diseases of the human frame ought, for the sake of the liberty of science, to be held as certain abstract and independent existences—interlopers from without, *loafers*, as the Americans designate one species of their dangerous classes—ever ready to pounce upon and plunder alike wary and unwary, but with which the unfortunate Man to whom they cling for the time, has—beyond enduring their depredations—literally nothing whatever to do. Measured by its consequences, how great this idea! Diseases flocking like savage beasts through the world—various, countless, and incessantly renewed; fresher, too, and more vigorous at every succeeding hour,—what a foe in a clear field; how superb the occasion for medical strength and strategy! Disembarrassed of concern about the *person attacked*—the person technically denominated the Invalid—how unencumbered the action of the HEALING ART, how

definite its problems, unswerving its purpose, and immense its resources! A disease? Poison it, if you can; if you cannot, starve it, or consign it to the guillotine! For poisons suitable, ransack all earth and air; whatever is deadliest among flowers, or most noxious among the minerals of the globe, extract it, hoard it up, apply it by ounces or hundredweights—poison, poison the disease! Is torture necessary? Invent the blister or cautery! A more summary process? Then for the lancet!—Look at that unsightly *pleurisy*—overgrown, hideous before gods and men—down with it; no quarter; open every vein; out with the last drop of blood! Vexing if—through feebleness of constitution—the *Man* die before the pleurisy is killed, for then Science would be thwarted; unfortunate should his *dies supremus* occur accidentally soon afterwards, for scoffers are rife now, and prate about men *dying of the Doctor:* at all events let the pleurisy

be exterminated, and the victory of Science achieved!

We live in an age of Heresies. No institution however venerable, no dogma however ancient, is sacred now; nay, not longer than a few months ago, an eminent London physician issued a work bearing the title, *The Human Frame, and its Connexion with Man.* With the contents of the curious volume I am not conversant; but probably it is a formal attack on the doctrine we have been speaking of: an elaborate proof, perhaps, that you cannot tear off a man's scalp without touching his temper; that if you poison his liver, or fill him in every vein and vessel with mercury and iodine, you run some hazard of affecting his health and happiness. But earlier in date, and more daring in expression, were certain popular hesitations and scepticisms, whose history I wish I had time to trace, down to its point of culmi-

nation. There seems, indeed, an inveterate contrast between the popular mind and the scientific, in regard of such matters. How often, for instance, has history recorded of codes of law, eminent for scientific beauty, and profoundly cherished therefore by Rulers and philosophic Jurists, failing nevertheless and crumbling to the ground, before rude questioning of their *objects*—the amount of happiness they secure, the kind of progress they facilitate? Valetudinarianism is not a luxury which a poor man appreciates; life is a blessing to him, and health needful, so that he earn the daily bread he prays for: the doctrine of the independence of the human frame, or its non-connexion with man, could therefore scarcely be a favourite with that rough and practical class. Science might kill disease; but if it did not preserve life and insure strength, how little its import to the man desirous to live, and requiring to work that he may live! Tidings, too, had

gone abroad concerning truths of unquestionable reality, although disowned by the logic of Science. These plants and animals; *they* have no immunity from disease, and yet, without medicine, they grow, nay, grow gloriously—accomplish their course and functions, and, then only, pass away and give place. Suppose you wound a tree. Return after an interval, and, in all probability, the wound has disappeared. Notice, again, that feverish kid. Is it a favourite? Then let it alone, for the brook is near; and although you know not the how or the wherefore, the kid will get well. To make or mend the drapery of the lily, do you seek the aid of a Bond Street artist? Look at the ineffable mechanism of your own frame;—is the building of a structure like *that*, within the capacity even of the designer of your Crystal Palace? Lay bare any fragment of that wondrous organism—say a portion of one of its canals; strengthen your vision

by the microscope; observe those structures multiplying so miraculously, descending through minute and minute, until you reach a new and unexpected Infinite—one fraught with convolutions more complex and beautiful even than the contents of that other infinite of the stars. Where is the venturous hand that shall intermeddle with such an organism? Or who—in full consciousness that every one of these all but invisible fibres is essential to the play and integrity of the machine—shall yet treat that canal as he would an insentient conduit, and in the name of what he calls a Healing Art, propel through it floods of poison, drugs repulsive to all nature, things whose very existence is one of the world's oppressive mysteries? Is there indeed no better aid for derangements of this mechanism, than in the probes, the lancets, the *black draught* of that scientific old man in spectacles? Where, then, is its Contriver—the Artist that built it

up; at whose command and under whose guidance a dim germ unfolded into a thing so exquisite; through whose power, rude matter has been changed into these wonderful convolutions; who has preserved that framework through so many varying phases, and adapted it to all circumstances and ages? Surely in the Energy which achieves these things—in that VITAL FORCE, or however otherwise we designate it, there should be power enough to remove, in its own marvellous but safest way, all trifling obstructions? That mysterious agency, which keeps our earth carpeted with verdure; which rears its forests, covers its prairies with flowers or golden corn; which vivifies every animal as well as Man,—has *it* no strength to overcome certain partial and temporary disorders, by methods consistent with the well-being of its creations? "NATURE," said old Hippocrates, "IS THE PHYSICIAN OF DISEASES"—a maxim to

be engraven on the lintel of every temple of the Healing Art, and whose significance has, in happy hour, once more been recognised among mankind.

HYDROPATHY is an unfortunate name; it signifies water-suffering or water-disease. Neither is the term *Water-cure* rightly descriptive of a revolution which will soon possess itself of the greater portion of the domain of Medicine. The true principle of that revolution is the following:—*The effective curative agent in diseases is emphatically the energy which we term the* VITAL FORCE—*that Energy of Life which assimilates external matter with our organism, and sustains its complex functions.* The principle, be it observed, involves no theory regarding the ultimate nature of the VITAL FORCE; far less does it rest

its authority on obscure and doubtful speculations. It assumes merely what is patent alike to gentle and simple—what was reverently acknowledged by HIPPOCRATES of old, and has not been often denied since—viz., that there *is such a Power;* and that an agency which, within the realm of Nature, plays so distinguished a part, must be, and actually *is*, endowed with strength enough to carry out its proper purposes, to sweep away obstacles which menace or withstand these, and to repair the wrongs and injuries occasioned by the accidental interference of any conflicting energy. This capacity to repair, has been termed the *vis medicatrix*, or the curative power of Nature; rightly in so far, although the phrase must be guarded from misconstruction. The *vis medicatrix* is not any separate or substantive power, whose especial duty it is to watch over and amend: it is, on the contrary, merely an expression for the *persistency* of the

vital force itself—its resolve to accomplish its end and maintain its functions. And so complete, so essentially self-sufficing, is this energy, for the requirements of its apportioned sphere, that, unless for a peculiarity in the nature of Man, we would have considered a Medical Science to protect and supplement it, not more rational or needful than some ingenious scheme for drugging the power of Gravitation itself. I have referred already to the realm of Vegetation: look yet more closely among those inferior creatures, protected by a wonderful system of Instincts, elaborated, by their proper Vitality, for its own guardianship and preservation; how little disease is *there*, how faint the traces of disturbance or irregularity; nothing save that visible tendency towards Death, which is the destiny of whatever is Finite. What, then, the specialty with regard to Humanity? Even the existence of FREE-WILL—the fact that our fates are, in so far, in our own

keeping—that, to the privilege of surveying vast Nature with intelligence, and comprehending and using her laws, the responsibility necessarily attaches of employing both Will and Intelligence *aright*, of discerning and obeying those immutable principles, in harmony with which alone we can attain happiness. By this specialty of his being, Man is elevated into the guardian of himself; but, for that very reason, he may do wrong, thwart the laws of his existence, and insure disarrangement and misery. Not over the character of the VITAL FORCE, but over the circumstances essential to its free action, his Will and Intelligence have absolute control. Through ignorance or culpable caprice, he may obstruct that energy, he may permanently enfeeble it, he may destroy it even, and so commit suicide. To *prevent* the occurrence of such faults, is the aim of that philosophy which unfolds the laws and conditions within which our vitality operates; but after *these* are

broken, and weakness and positive disease flow from systematic disregard of them, our only resource is in a *Healing Art,* varied in its appliances, though simple and direct in its aims. Now it would appear that, in such an Art, or rather in the Science from which it springs, two canons ought ever to be held fundamental and inviolable; the one *negative* and the other *positive. First,* It should be imperatively forbidden that the Physician, under pretence of cure, or even of transient relief, resort to practices capable of further enfeebling that languid or obstructed Vital Energy. And why? Simply because disease is virtually the result of such obstruction or langour; and though apparent relief were the immediate consequence of additional depletion, it is not in the nature of things that such a process can be curative; nay it is one step nearer—one sure step, although an insidious, and perhaps a pleasurable one—towards dissolution. The step,

indeed, *may be retraced*, but it ought never to have been taken: *this* is the fatal *disease of the Doctor.* — *Secondly*, The *positive* Healing Art, according to our theory, cannot be other than this: the removal of artificial encumbrances from the energy of the Vital Force; the substitution of *salutary* and *natural*, instead of *false conditions;* and the application of means, *consistent with its own freedom and integrity*, for raising that Force from the languor into which it has sunk, and restoring to it vigour to repair what has been injured, and overcome what withstands it. Now, it is in *its power to accomplish this latter function*, that the efficiency of the system termed the *Water-cure* essentially resides. To restore natural and denounce artificial conditions in reference to the Invalid, is one of the aims of PHYSIOLOGY, or rather of the more comprehensive science long known and cultivated as the *Philosophy of Life;* but the discovery of a specific STIMULANT,

acting directly on the Vital Force and its multiplex functions, and which, while renovating, can never impair—*this,* the completion of the highest ambition of rational Medical Science, must be regarded as an achievement, of itself sufficient to illustrate our age.

The exhilarating effect of the external application of Cold Water has been familiar to Mankind, from the time, I presume, when accident or instinct induced some one to plunge, on a summer's day, into a crystal stream. Neither have such effects been overlooked by Physicians —witness, among other documents, the writings of humorous old BAYNARD, in the reign of CHARLES II., and more recently the volumes of Dr CURRIE of Edinburgh. That the conception of studying it, and employing it *systematically* never received acceptance however, previous to the labours of the Silesian Peasant, is suffi-

ciently evinced by the existence of debates amidst the Faculty whether bathing should be accounted a *tonic* or a *sedative;* nay, only so recently as the publication of the earlier parts of the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, its use was formally debarred in the following formidable list of circumstances:—*partially*, in infancy and old age; pregnancy; indurations, obstructions, or chronic inflammations of internal parts; acute inflammation of the same; chronic inflammations of mucous membrane;—*absolutely*, in plethora, or tendency to active hemorrhage, or congestion of important viscera; affections of the heart; loaded state of the bowels; great general debility, though *then* often advantageous after warm water or vapour bath! The article from which I quote was written by one of the most practical and least prejudiced medical men of the day; one, to whom it certainly should have occurred, that the difficulties in question

avail no further than to suggest the inquiry, *Under what modifications, and with what precautions, ought this great and potent stimulus to be applied in certain diseased or abnormal states of the frame?* No remedy of any kind, not even the most famed specific, was ever administered, unless under modifications having a similar origin: and it is the prosecution of this very inquiry which has acquired for the application of water a number and variety of therapeutic efficiencies, sufficing to constitute it a safe and certain corrective in a very large class of diseased conditions. I have reason to believe that the state and nature of such inquiries are still comparatively unknown; and I think I shall do some service by enumerating as briefly as I can, and in a few distinct propositions, the results which may be considered already attained.

I.

There are three important truths which may now be safely asserted regarding Hydropathy, looking at it from a *general* point of view—that is, without reference either to the *judgment* of the *practitioner*, or the *peculiarities* of the *patient*.

I. The cause, or physiological *rationale*, of the exhilaration of a bath need not be discussed here. Suffice it, that each act of ablution, judiciously performed, is followed by increased vigour and an accession of spirits; and that these *may be sustained, for any length of time*, by its regulated repetition.—Reflect then on those occasions of languor or vital debility out of which chronic disarrangements so often flow. Whence

these weaknesses come it matters not ; it is enough that, by some cause, the Vital Force is impaired, and that it shews this by unmistakable symptoms : portion of the power by which the organism is maintained, appears to have abandoned it ; and the door is opened to inroads of the ever-active agencies of dissolution. Medical men have never been deceived as to the hazards of such a condition ; nor has there been much question as to the character of the available remedy. How, indeed, can such languor be resisted, unless by the application of STIMULI fitted to arouse and re-invigorate the VITAL FORCE ? Would it be wise in the physician to defer action, until, through searching among the remoter mysteries of organisation, he had discovered the primary cause of debility, and expiscated its theory ? Right, assuredly, that this too should be done ;—a most proper exercise for the scientific Pathologist : but in the meantime, let that menacing languor be attacked *directly* as

a *specific disease;* restore vigour, if possible, to the Powers of Life, so that—*at the very least*—they preserve what remains of the integrity of the organism. The only point in debate, therefore, is this—*What stimuli* shall be applied? And does not the simple statement of the question seem to carry the reply along with it? With regard to the selection of a *means*, one rule is universal, and ever unquestionable, viz., that the *means* produce the special end in view, and nothing else. Now can this be alleged of any one of the usual stimuli so strongly recommended and lavishly applied by many practitioners? If, with the view of sustaining the vital energies, the patient takes refuge in *tonics*, as they are termed; if wine, or other forms of alcohol, or, still worse, if opium in any of its dreadful shapes be introduced into the stomach, passing thence, by the circulation, through the entire frame,—can it be doubted

that other effects than the desired one are inevitable, viz., specific effects from the absorption of the drug, which — since no such drug contains the matter of *aliment*—are necessarily injurious, and it may be lethal? But, it is the express and peculiar characteristic of the stimuli of the Hydropathist, that *they conform in every attribute to the foregoing essential rule.* The exhilaration which is their consequence directly invigorates the Vital Force—interfering with the structure of no organ and the play of no function; it attacks directly, and overcomes that diseased and formidable languor, and does not, while achieving its triumphs, introduce *any disease of the Doctor.* It were of no use to waste argument in balancing between two such alternatives; nor indeed could I have patience to do so, unless I first forgot my own position on reaching Ben Rhydding, and afterwards. Divested of technicalities, my history was briefly this: Through

prolonged misusage I had been reduced to depend for vital energy on a drug whose collateral actions were destroying me — mind and body: and my cure was effected by supplanting this detested stimulus by another that gradually restored the power and tone I had lost, and which had no evil influences. A transition which, in so far as I know, would otherwise have been impracticable, was, in this manner, effected without pain or even difficulty, and my deranged organism grew again towards strength and health. Countless I believe the instances of disaster — arising in the opposite treatment — which any enlightened physician could mournfully quote from the records of his own experience. In earlier years it was my fortune to know a young Maiden of distinguished lineage, commanding beauty, and unusual mental capacity and adornment. I do not believe—even now that I reflect calmly on all that pertained to her, and that

Time has in so far blunted what once was very sharp — I do not believe that the germ of any disease inhered in that exquisite frame; she was so unsullied, so *perfect* a woman. But Fashion made demands; and, indeed, no marvel, for where that being was, *there* you would have said was the gem, the brilliant of the world. Incessant company, late hours, occasional exposure—these and all hateful *et-ceteras*, produced the customary effects; — morning headaches, feebleness — in this case not patiently borne—and sundry small disarrangements; all which, I cannot doubt, a few weeks of bathing and natural living, would at any time have dispelled. In these days, however, Hydropathy was unknown everywhere—certainly unknown to fashion. I never distinctly ascertained in what way, or by what insidious steps, *tonics* —of course, including port wine—led on to opium in the form of **Morphia**; but bitterly did I curse the drug, and still more bitterly could I

curse it now, as I recal the occasion when I stumbled on the discovery. Remonstrances—such as could be used—were not awanting; unhappily I had then no substitute to propose. Nor do we common mortals apprehend the treasure in *good spirits*, as they are termed—to keen organisations. Deck out our duller days in the liveliest tints they will bear, and perhaps you have a murky daub at the best; but in cases like *this*, it is almost a passing from death to life, from inanition and aching heart-weariness, to capacity for all grandeur and the joys and throes of an Universe. Joy, glory, and triumph! A flashing eye, and brow of parian—radiant with soul, overpowering with unearthly light the gayest assembly! Yes! they thronged her, almost in worship; but as I gazed and gazed, I often could have wept; for *my* eye saw behind—the **Spectre**! A hand's-breadth of cloud at first, it spread itself round the horizon, and then, slowly creeping up,

it rolled nearer and nearer—a dense and clammy vapour. On it flowed; no power or prayer could stop it: it entered the blazing hall through chinks, dulled its thousand tapers, and at length touched that Forehead, still encircled by its diadem.—Farther words are needless: they would tell only of a stifling of breath, and the ruin of the hopes of an ancient House.

II. The advantage of cold ablution as an agent in producing and sustaining a general exhilaration, is not, however, the point in Hydropathy which is now in dispute. The concession, in so far as this goes, will for the most part be willingly made; nevertheless, had the truth so conceded been carried out honestly to its consequences, and permitted to discredit the questionable drugs employed for such purposes, it would indeed have effected innovations in the practice of the healing

art, extensive as they are salutary. But the doctrine which people in general do not understand, or refuse to admit, is this—that the use of baths, &c., how excellent soever as an antidote to languor, can be influential towards *the cure of specific disease*, or of derangements of any standing, whether functional or structural. Chronic inflammation of an internal organ, for instance—can bathing, or any hydropathic application, remove *that* calamity? Nay, are there not cases of this sort in which the use of *any stimulus* must be useless, if not fatal?—It is to this part of the subject that I shall now address a few observations.

First.—There is one therapeutic action of water—still regarding it as a stimulus only—which I think may be easily understood. I need not recal the fact that the animal frame is a vast chemical workshop—decomposition and composi-

tion going on within it incessantly, so that, at the close of a certain cycle or period, every organised body, in so far as its constituent molecules are concerned, literally becomes new. In this important respect, indeed, the worlds of organisation hold close analogies with the world of matter, where there is no rest, but rather change following upon change — the teeming parent of the Future and its exhaustless variety. Now, the *time* required for molecular renovation depends, in the different *species*, on certain physiological peculiarities of that species; and with regard to the *individual*, it varies with the energy or activity of his vitality. The body of a man in fullest vigour, for instance, will be decomposed or consumed, and of course replaced, in one-half the time necessary for the corresponding process in a languid, low-pulsed invalid; and accordingly—simply through aid of this conservative power of nature—he gets

rid of diseased portions of his framework with comparative celerity and ease. Whatever increases vital action, and sustains that novel vigour, must therefore be regarded as *therapeutic*, or hostile to the permanence of specific disarrangements; at least *wherever these can be got rid of by a total renovation of the structure whose soundness is impaired.* And if the practices of hydropathy confessedly accomplish that end; if, without concomitant and counterbalancing maleficence, these practices sustain the tone and augment the rapidity of organic evolutions, is it not easy to see that even inveterate chronic obstructions must be ultimately thrown off by them? Let the fearful patient keep good heart therefore. Has the water-cure already steeled him in part against cold? Has he dispensed with the flannels that encased him, and yet suffered no discomfort? Does he find his appetite improved, and the *sense* of

hunger beginning to take part once more among the realities of daily life? Then *the sanatory process has most certainly begun.* That evolution of new animal heat; that unusual craving for food,—*these* are unmistakable indications of *the rapidity with which he is now casting off the old body, and building up a fresh and healthier one.** Little matters it, in such a case, what may be the disease, or in what secluded nook it has concealed itself: let him have a liver, old, flabby, or inflexible, and present the appearance rather of a mummy than of a man: no matter; the wheels of the machine are busy, and, unless

* I cannot avoid referring here to the prevailing fallacy that the *winter season* is unfavourable to the curative processes of hydropathy. It is easy to understand, that of the numbers who now frequent hydropathic establishments, many are in quest of little more than relaxation and the pleasures of the country: to all such, summer is unquestionably preferable. But, wherever serious disease is to be combated, cool and bracing weather is of itself an important curative agent; and therefore the summer season need not be selected as the best.

for some unforeseen check, the rags he is groaning over shall be transformed into their elements, dispersed, and replaced. *Check* indeed! Assuredly, the check sufficient to arrest *this* process would be no ordinary one! I refer in evidence to what is called a CRISIS in hydropathy. Sometimes the extrusion, by the ordinary channels, of what is noxious in the overloaded body is not rapid enough for the desires of the new energy which has possessed it. I have known instances where every vein and cell, every solid and liquid, in the frame had become saturated with effete and pernicious stuff, accumulated through a lifetime of drugging —mercury, iodine, alcohol, oh! and I know not what all, choking up alike issues and entrances, and converting Nature's fairest handiwork into one stale and stagnant putrefaction. Is it not indeed amazing that a power exists capable of an effort so gigantic—the power to select and thrust outwards, through every pore, that mass of in-

grained poisons—to lift up the sufferer from a state so hideous, that, simply because what he *is* and *has been* becomes *visible*, because the blotches and odours he has carried about with him grow *palpable*, he feels himself a stain and intolerable deformity, and, like a leper, is sequestered from his fellows! Fear not that crisis, however odious! Shun not temporary exile, although, like OVID of old, you have not strength to bear it very gaily. Pure and regenerated you shall soon return, with an eye to discern what God's world really signifies, and a heart to understand what it is to be a MAN!

Secondly. But the therapeutic agencies of Hydropathy are not limited to the foregoing general *modus operandi.* On the contrary, by the application of cold water, the physician may evolve *almost every specific effect*, and exert an influence *locally* on an individual organ as easily and bene-

ficially as he can do, on the entire system. It is the theory of these specific applications which best merits the name of the Science of Hydropathy; and the attempt to unfold their nature, and rear a corresponding system of doctrine, has occupied the hydropathist during these years of probation, when the ordinary practitioner could discern in his pursuits nothing beyond a shallow empiricism, and find for him no name more generous and complimentary than quack and impostor. The portion of the subject now referred to, cannot of course be satisfactorily treated here: its development would constitute a treatise on Hydropathy. Nevertheless, one or two remarks may open the way towards a partial appreciation of it.

In the *first* place, is it happily unknown to any Reader, that among the ancient practices of Curative Science, there existed a department, named the Art of Blistering? In old days —

longer ago than I care to name—the existence of this wonderful art was indeed no secret from *me!* Had I a local pain of any kind—especially uneasiness over the region of the chest, no hesitation whatever as to what to do! Without summoning Esculapius, I knew there was nothing for it but Spanish flies, and a scald of some six or eight inches of unoffending skin. As to the necessity of a practice in all respects so detestable, it is not my intention at present to inquire: let that pass undisputed. But listen, O Esculapius! By the simple application of a wet cloth covered with oiled silk, to the portion of skin over the diseased region, every object aimed at by this rough blistering may be painlessly and effectively accomplished. A testing experiment is easy. Try such a bandage on your wrist. Dispose it carefully recollect, so that all access of air be excluded by the oiled silk; in which case, I venture to affirm, that the virtue of one night's trial

of the simple application will leave you henceforth no freedom of choice when you wish a safe and powerful *counter-irritant.*—*Secondly,* is an organ clogged or congested? Do the temples throb; is the eye full and confused, because of over-determination of blood towards the brain? Hesitate, I pray you, before thinking of the lancet, for other expedients are in store! One large class of applications of cold water may be named *derivatives,* their object being to allay excitement, or remove *overload* from an organ, by stirring up for the time an excess of action in another healthy portion of the structure. A *foot-bath,* for instance, affords unfailing relief to headaches arising in tumefaction of the cranial vessels; and still more energetically, the *sitting-bath.* Nay, the beneficent operations of the latter bath are so numerous and powerful, that it may be termed *par excellence* the *derivative-bath.*—Or to take a

third exemplification — do you wish to allay general irritation and produce sleep? Then away to an infinite distance with all opiates! The *wet sheet* or envelope, possesses an efficacy which belongs to no drug in the Materia Medica; by evolving *as gently as you choose*, the powers of reaction, it induces the weary organism to throw off the morbific heat which agitates it, expels what otherwise might develop into a deadly fever, and at the same time stimulates the frame towards every healthful function. No one, I venture to say, who has experienced for once the soothing action of this invaluable and most accessible remedy, can listen to the reiteration of professional dislikes to it (I do not say, *arguments*), without something of amazement. It admits not of doubt, that under its beneficial action the most virulent fever, if taken in time, sinks into an ailment not more important than a common cold; and *yet*,—ay, notwithstanding the

utter powerlessness of the Faculty to contend with fever by drugs, notwithstanding that the resources of medicine, and surgery also (the lancet), fight ever vainly with a scourge before which the best and most valuable lives in our society annually fall—*yet*, the legitimacy of a curative agent continues to be repudiated, which might be applied without expense in every family, and under due care avert its desolation. They talk, indeed, of improved treatment in fevers, of the banishment of the lancet, and sparing use of drugs. They quote, too, the practice of cold *affusion*, and summon Dr CURRIE in evidence. It is true, that men are discerning the absurdities of those old practices, and that the honourable and enlightened physician now repudiates them ; but the point I insist on is this—there is nothing in a resort to *cold affusion*, nothing in the adoption of *partial reforms* which can excuse any man's neglecting a safe and proved *specific*—that mode, viz., of

employing water, which has, I may say, *in every individual instance*, effected a rapid cure. Perhaps *mothers* may read this. I insist on their asking a hydropathist to aid them should fever ever invade their dwellings, or should any child whose life is dear be visited by *measles*, *scarlatina*, &c. Take my word for it, this first application will not be your *last*.—Speaking generally, however, and without remaining longer with *details*, I wish it to be understood, that the hydropathist claims his *stimulant*, his *sedative*, his *tonic*, his *reducing agent*, his *purgative*, his *astringent*, his *diuretic*, his *styptic*, his *febrifuge*, his *diaphoretic*, his *alterative*, his *counter-irritant*. There is not a drug in the pharmacopœia for which he has not his substitute, nor a *therapeutic* surgical application whose salutary effects he cannot produce. And what is peculiar to his system, he can demonstrate the efficacy of his process at any hour to the most incredulous;

nay, as his experiments do no harm, he may make them on the sceptic himself. It is not improbable that this very facility with which evidence could be procured, and the pretensions of the hydropathist tested, may appear to some minds a presumption against the soundness of the new system. Nor, indeed, seems it to be believed lightly, that a scheme of means so accessible, and therefore offering so much to humanity, would be cast aside by the Learned, unless its promises were deceitful. But there is something connected with the qualities and amenities of the learned-man never yet thoroughly expiscated. OVID, indeed, wrote long ago from PONTUS—

> *———ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,*
> *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

And CICERO, another of the craft, declaims superbly about "liberal studies," saying that through them, all good things come and abide

with us, sleep with us, travel with us, and rusticate where we rusticate—*pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur.* One thing is sufficiently clear; armed with nimble and polished weapons, the *learned* tenant of a position, can always develop a sharp defence; that the possession of the weapons usually approved, incline him to inquire *whether his position be one he ought to hold,* is perhaps not so clear. *The* SCHOOL *first, and its intrenchments;* TRUTH *afterwards, if it must be:*—I am not sure if the history of the world records that those sects, for whose culture Society has made the most careful and capacious provision, generally fight under a banner anywise broader than this.

III. I stated half jocularly at the beginning of this chapter, that diseases had been treated by medicine too often as abstract objects, "unconnected with man," and to be overcome at all

hazards. Now, it stands out as the distinguishing feature of Hydropathy, that *by every one of its processes, whether these are of local or general application, the vigour of the general system, the vitality of special organs is increased.* Health is being restored to the whole frame, precisely as the specific disarrangement is removed; nor in any case is an inroad hazarded on that vitality, to whose awakened energy the restoration of the invalid is solely intrusted. Allusion has already been made to that evil inherent in the practice of *drug*-therapeutics, viz., the introduction of poison into the stomach for the sake of its specific collateral effects: but this whole subject is so important, and the hazards inseparable from the prevalent system so great, that I cannot neglect the opportunity of recording two emphatic examples of the same description of evil produced independently of drugs,—examples which, however, as I conscientiously believe, are by no

means extraordinary ones. * One of these was related to me by a judicious and observant medical friend,—certainly, with something of a shudder. He was asked one bleak December evening to visit a poor girl in a wretched tenement in the Canongate of Edinburgh; and he found her struggling with *pneumonia*. Had my friend known *then* what he learned afterwards, his course would have been easy; and in all probability the use of simple hydropathic specifics might have enabled even the wasted energies of the sufferer to overcome the disease. At that time, however, he had seen nothing of the prac-

* I think it right, once for all, to protest against the idea, that by what follows in the text, and similar criticisms, I would impute reckless conduct to that important class—our Medical Men. I am speaking of errors *inherent in their system*, and of these alone; although it must be owned that the too large number of practitioners, who prescribe simply by *rule*, or in strict obedience to the system, cannot avoid falling into the evils which that system engenders. The safety of society, at present, seems to me to consist mainly in the fact, that the best of our Medical Men do not act according to any system, but as their own sagacity, and their knowledge of the invalid, suggest.

tice; and perhaps—being sufficiently qualified by ignorance—he despised and laughed at it like the others. The Lancet! But on opening the girl's vein, the character of the few drops that trickled out—less blood than water—shocked and alarmed him. The unaided creature was *starving*. He hastily closed the wound, and gave instructions to have her conveyed to the hospital, and fed. Fed she was; but before my friend called again, *she had been bled four times*, that the pneumonia might be reduced! Dropsy ensued, and the forlorn wanderer had no farther need of an earthly Medicine.—My next illustration again concerns myself. Long ago, as a result of that bad usage which a young man *will* now and then give himself—overstrained application at the desk, absence of exercise, and, perhaps, midnight balls and revelry—my head got uncomfortable, indicating a certain irritability. I have felt similar symptoms since; but *now* I know exceedingly

well what to do with them. One or two simple *derivatives*, and perhaps a couple of *wet envelopes*, and I am well. The occasion I speak of, however, preceded the advent of Hydropathy; and I sent for an ordinary physician. He looked at my eyes; and then, *first*, a shake of that head; *secondly*, an asseveration that I must be bled. A good, unscrupulous depletion: as a matter of course, I was weakened. Next morning considerably worse; eyes more irritable still. A second depletion: no different result. A third depletion!—Then came blistering; anointing of my shaven scalp with horrible tartar ointment; bleeding, too, persisted in. "Energetic treatment" continued an entire fortnight: during three days at its close, the veins of both my arms remained open! Fortunately my *reason* never wavered; though I was all but too late in adopting its suggestions. At the end of these three days I rebelled: "Doctor," I said, "I cannot

go on with this, for I am nearly dead. I shall certainly die if you bleed me again. Let me rest then; I can but die at any rate." Some hours afterwards I dropped into a short sleep—short but gentle; one of those indescribable sleeps which bring assurance to the sufferer. That night was in many ways a turning-point in my existence. I must have been near to the spiritual world, for the veil before it looked very thin, and I descried the forms of august verities beyond. The past, too, rushed down again, like a strong river loosed from ribbed ice; and I saw among the inner mysteries of existence. Two tedious, weary years it cost me to recover from that attack of the Doctor, if indeed I ever *have* recovered: to obtain sight, however, of what he was the involuntary means of shewing me, I am not sure but I would encounter his lancet again. Worthy man! Had he lived until now, he would certainly have pronounced Hydropathy most danger-

ous, and gone even to the stake in behalf of his own safe and scientific practice. How time flies! —there were many actors in that singular scene, but none remains on this terraqueous globe, save myself.

II.

So much for the rational theory of Hydropathy. And if its practice contains an efficacy to raise the tone of the organism, and sustain the energy of the Vital Force,—if it can produce *specific effects*, local or general, as direct and varied as those within reach of any form of the Curative Art,—and if it be its established principle, that health and strength, local and general, must be restored by every one of its special therapeutic processes,—*then* I do not claim too much for it, when asserting that it has a basis in philosophy, and a title to respectful treatment by the scientific, certainly the reverse of inferior to those which could be challenged in behalf of any scheme of

systematic medicine the world has yet seen. This merely speculative or theoretical view, however, is not enough. A question immediately arises regarding the *applicability* of the hydropathic system. Without doubt, it is a satisfaction, that, theoretically, hydropathy is complete, or at least not obviously vulnerable; but the inquiry is at least of equal interest, how *far* its processes can be *safely* resorted to—in what manner, and to what extent, their good effects may be modified, or even sometimes *neutralised* by the condition, the age, the temperament, the sex, of the invalid? An inquiry which quickly leads to another—how far is the patient, under this system, dependent on the personal skill and solicitude of the physician? It may appear strange; but I esteem it most fortunate, that in every form which Therapeutic Science has hitherto assumed, we have had so great an extent of *margin* in this respect—so much that is *indefinite* in *practice*, or what is the

same thing, so much has been left dependent on personal and professional integrity and wisdom; an enigma I shall explain by and bye.—Before venturing the following remarks, I must touch on one preliminary matter, and dismiss it at once. The opinions I shall express have been either suggested, or largely coloured by what came under my notice at Ben Rhydding. I could easily have made them the vehicle of criticism on the character and qualities of the gentleman in charge of the establishment, my friend, Dr Macleod. I have resisted all temptation to do this—giving way on one point only; and if, in that case, I have thought it proper to yield somewhat, it is because I regard the remarkable peculiarity I shall speak of, rather as what Coleridge was wont to call a *psychological curiosity*. This much however in general terms;—the healthful earnestness, sincerity—*transparency* rather, of Dr Macleod's nature, are no secrets at Ben Rhydding; and these have

endowed him with an amount of *professional sincerity* which I have rarely found equalled. No inducement, I believe, could persuade him to touch a case, so long as he entertained a suspicion of its unfitness for treatment by Hydropathy; and in the same spirit of fealty, he uniformly refuses to continue treatment, as soon as experience has shewn him that benefit must cease to be expected. To the uninitiated, this may appear a small matter; but it is otherwise to the invalid. I believe it is the main cause of the cheerful confidence which pervades the atmosphere of Ben Rhydding; for—notwithstanding those temporary discouragements, those occasional glooms which must ever and anon pass across a place where, until humanity shall arise above its forewritten fate, there cannot be uninterrupted sunshine—it is rare to detect, among the society there, any diminution of the temperate ease, and general good spirits, which act with so signal an efficiency towards the

removal of disease. I trust that my friend has a high and long career before him, beneficent, honourable, and—last and least of all—successful. His opportunities have been given to few; they may engage all the energies and aspirations of his manhood. To alleviate suffering, perhaps to eradicate physical evils; to reform manners by proofs of the excellency of a rational life; more than most, the companion of the Invalid, to soothe disordered emotions, and lessen the achings of grief; to learn charity by requiring to practise it, and through such daily practice, to grow ever towards that benevolence which is its source; what better or nobler vocation has any life — what better framework for a life would one build up, though, by a very wish, one's own destiny might be shaped ?—*I fausto pede !*

Perhaps there is nowhere an application of Science to Art in which practical action is separated from scientific dogma, by an interval so wide as that which lies between our best medical practice and the most positive medical science. And the cause is this:—Whatever the grounds, however extensive the induction, on which any special medical rule or dogma has ever been formed, the *conditions* under which the physician requires to apply it, are so various and diverse, that, for the most part, it is more difficult to ascertain how the rule should be modified, than it was, to form it at first. It is laid down, for instance, that a certain medicine produces general consequences supposed to be antipathetic to a certain disease; but it is not laid down how that same medicine may affect the individual invalid, how it may suit

his peculiar case and constitution, and, therefore, in what manner and to what extent it may be rightfully employed in furtherance of *his* special cure. The variety of these conditions, indeed, is next to infinite ; and as they have first to be detected, and next dealt with, by the simple sagacity of the physician, it is no marvel that physicians of the *highest order* (I don't mean the most *famous*), are uniformly men of the highest intellectual endowments. It is, in fact, in the *personal attributes*, much more than in the *system*, of a medical man, that one feels confidence on the occurrence of calamity ; and however objectionable the theory of the system, these qualities, cultivated by experience, and guided by conscience and honour, may suffice to prevent the overstraining of any dogma, and the consequent infliction of injury on the organism of the patient. Hydropathy has certainly signal advantages in reference to certainty and safety in its applications. Rigor-

ously eschewing—as its first principle—the use of any substance or operation hurtful *in itself*, it saves its practitioner the necessity of curing *two* diseases, viz., the original one, and another—grave or slight—which *medicine* must, from its very nature, introduce. Holding fast by the cardinal aim of his system, which is to venture on no step —no application, local or general—which does not tend to invigorate, he is freed comparatively from apprehension regarding irregular and distressing reverses; and therefore, whenever there is no serious organic derangement, his process of cure may safely enough be allowed to proceed under the guardianship of a general *surveillance*. But, nevertheless, it were fatal to imagine that here at last we have obtained a therapeutics cut asunder from science, or a conclusive edition of "*Every man his own Doctor.*" No more than the most abstract and unreal scheme ever imagined in medicine, does Hydropathy pretend to a system

of absolute, invariable rules, to be taken up by whoever pleases, and applied at random. Its rules are better; it claims to be more scientific than any preceding scheme; but *it*, too, bows before that perplexing infinity of individual conditions, and can deal with them only through the sagacity of its practitioners.—As it is of paramount importance that this matter be *definitely* understood, I shall ask my reader's attention to three separate classes of considerations.

I. In the first place, as preliminary to any treatment, the specific character of the ailment must be discovered. It is certain that here also Hydropathy draws from its first principle, an advantage most signal, partaken of hitherto by only one other therapeutic practice. Generally speaking, before reaching an opinion of the import of a case, the medical man has thought it neces-

sary to involve himself among remote and obscure pathological doctrines. He has not looked at the *proximate* causes merely, but for the *remote or occult cause* of the deranged symptoms; and very often his practice has been modified by doubtful speculations concerning the ultimate nature of disease.*

* The only exception known to me is in the system of HOMŒOPATHY. The illustrious HAHNEMANN was not, indeed, exempt from follies prevailing around him; for he too had his strange theories, referring most diseases to *psora*, &c. But in practice Homœopathy is direct and complete; it rests on no theory as to the ultimate cause of symptoms; it inquires merely with due discrimination, *what are the symptoms;* an these, by its powerful specifics, it at once neutralises and removes. It is not in my way to speak at present of the merits or claims of HOMŒOPATHY; the opportunity, however, may not be omitted of protesting, as strongly as I can, in the name of all sound inquiry, against that absurd and baseless ridicule of what are termed infinitesimal doses. It is surely sufficiently extraordinary that any one pretending to the name of philosopher, should—withdrawing himself from the *terra firma* of *experience*, and ascending to some *a priori* cloud-land—deem he does enough to upset a well-ordered system when he writes down a certain long tail of decimal places, and exclaims thereupon—*inconceivable!* A *logical improbability* can be constituted in one way only:—it must be shewn that the *fact asserted is contrary to well-ascertained laws of nature, operative in the case.* It is not improbable simply because

Now, Hydropathy eschews this. Trusting for ultimate convalescence to the agency of an invigorated Vital Force, which certainly will seek out these hidden infirmities and extirpate them—it directs its ample artillery *at once* against functional or organic local derangements; and by removing these, it brings refreshed vitality into play. Nevertheless, it remains for skilful *diagnosis*, to discover the seat of these *proximate* causes of the patient's complaints—to deduce from the evils of which he is directly conscious, the organs from whose disorder they more immediately spring, and then to determine an applicable treatment. And

it is *astonishing*. Now, *what are the laws of nature* according to which medicines cure diseases? In what manner does any *specific* in the Materia Medica put forth its *specific power?* It is very true that a certain definite amount of quinine, for instance, acts on the stomach in quite an intelligible manner; but what I want to know is, the nature of that action or virtue by which quinine produces or removes ague? So soon as this question, and other similar ones, are satisfactorily answered, it will be time enough for any one to challenge an *a priori* standing-place as to this question.

it was in reference to this point, and the power requisite for dealing with it—a power manifestly essential to success under any form of medical practice—that I spoke of Dr Macleod's *idiosyncrasy* as being so peculiar. It is no observation of mine merely; for every one near him is struck, with the rapidity and almost absolute accuracy with which he *divines* the proximate causes of one's bodily griefs. It is liker an *intuition* with him than an *inference*, or the issue of a deliberate process; and I may almost say I never knew him deceived. If it be a *judgment*, it is the next thing to immediate; and he seems to reach his conclusion, not so much from replies to testing inquiries, as from the aspect of the whole man, complexion, bearing, expression, mode of speaking, &c. Something of a *similar* faculty perhaps, may be seen now and then acting in other ways. For instance, certain great readers are said to detect the sub-

stance in a printed page rather by looking at it than reading it;—Sir ROBERT PEEL—rarely endowed in all directions—possessed this power very highly. I knew a lady, too, who, if she were only a few moments in a crowded room, carried off a distinct impression of the colour and shape of the dress of every female in it! I leave the solution of the mystery to others; glad in the meantime that the good people at Ben Rhydding have practical benefit from it.

II. These proximate causes understood, the next question, as to the *conditions* of the invalid, and the *mode* of applying Hydropathy to that peculiar modification of age, sex, temperament, &c. I feel that I must here explain an expression I have frequently used. The operations of Hydropathy are certainly innocuous *in themselves; i. e.*, they have nothing in them essentially hurtful, in the way that a poisonous drug has; but regarding

them *as they may be applied*, they cannot be termed universally innocuous. Their success depends on their power to stir up healthful reaction, within the organism; and it surely needs no elaborate demonstration, that an effective provocative to reaction in one person, might overwhelm all vital energy in another. Take a brisk fire, add cold fuel to it, and it will only blaze the more; while the same fuel would extinguish a weaker one. It does not follow, however, as hinted by the writer quoted in page 82, that the use of Hydropathy *must* be hurtful, even in exceptional cases. In a moment we can kindle up the feeblest fire: and so may a frail infant, or the shrinking, shivering, valetudinarian — trembling lest a breath of fresh air blow upon him — be gradually raised towards comparative vigour, *provided*, the water-cure has agencies *of adequate gentleness*, and these be administered *with prudence*. Regarding the existence of gentle

agencies, there is no manner of doubt. But it is not to be disguised, that through an ignorant or guilty disregard of such limitations, the Hydropathic practitioner *has* given cause for grave alarms, and perpetrated serious mischief. Unhappy mistakes of this kind have arisen mainly from this;—as with most new doctrines, the existence of limitations was not at first generally recognised in Hydropathy; and men rushed into the practice of it, to whom the structure and capabilities of the Human Frame were virtually a sealed book: but when they occur now, the cause lies in the difficulty of discovering what cases are exceptional, seeing that exceptionality often arises neither from age nor sex, nor even from apparent strength, but in peculiarities of temperament, undiscoverable unless by a nice sense in diagnosis. A striking illustration occurred while I was at Ben Rhydding:—One evening, a gentleman, Mr A——, just arrived,

consulted Dr Macleod. A powerful burly man of six feet two inches; muscular apparently—even what in some districts would be called *robustious*. "That patient," remarked Mr B——, "would stand any amount of treatment." "No," said the physician, "you are mistaken; he could not bear more than would suit a child eight years of age. Observe how nervous he is, manifested in the tremor of his lip, and the feverish brightness of his eye." Next day the new-comer met B—— in the grounds, and told him that eighteen months ago he had been at another similar establishment, where he received what they called "moderate treatment; but," he said, "in a week it made a wreck of me." He had come to Ben Rhydding at the urgent solicitation of his wife, but with no confidence, being scared by that former experience. With much interest I watched this case. Only the tepid bath once a day, with friction over the abdomen, and a few therapeutic

movements. In three weeks the fever flash of the eye had disappeared; and at the end of the fourth, Mr A—— left the establishment rejoicing and well.—He is a literary man of standing and repute.

III. Finally; There are cautions and limitations to the application of the water-cure, constituted by the nature of certain diseases. I do not refer, at present, to the class of *mortal* ailments—that fortunately limited class, which at once bars all hope of recovery, and confines the functions of the Physician within efforts to alleviate, and the still more precious duty of soothing the sufferer, as a *friend:* there are considerations besides, which specially affect Hydropathy in its existing state. And, *first*, once more I must repeat, that the virtue of the water-cure lies mainly in its power to stimulate by exciting reaction. Now, this cannot be effected without acting

temporarily on the circulation ; and, should the unhappy patient labour under distinct *structural* disease of the organs mainly concerned with the motion of the blood, it is clear that a case has occurred demanding exercise of the highest caution. Dr Macleod, I believe, will not treat a disease of the heart;—distinguishing, however, the thousand merely *functional* disarrangements which now-a-days it has become almost a fashion to designate organic disease : and I imagine he would use a corresponding abstinence were any other principal vessel affected—say a large artery, with aneurism.—But there is a *second* class of limitations, of a different kind, which it requires rare wisdom, and still more extended knowledge, to discern. It cannot be doubted, I suppose, that men of *one idea,* or what is vulgarly called a *hobby,* have certain uses in this world; nevertheless—as practical physicians—such men are in every way pestiferous. Nor is the reason obscure. A man

of one idea can never get beyond this idea; he sees no modifying relations, and he is terrified by no consequences: but it happens that no system of medicine, or to speak more correctly, no system of cure, yet unfolded in this world, can be said to be the *best* in its bearing on ALL those infinite complexities presented by the diseased frame. Hydropathy itself—the safest and most rational —ought not, *in the present condition, or stage of its progress,* to put forth these absolute and unqualified pretensions; and he alone is worthy to practise it, whose solicitude concerning human life is sufficient to protect him from sinking into the mere profession of one exclusive system, or refusing aid from collateral methods, whenever they promise *surer* and *speedier* relief. It is one thing to practise medicine—quite another to *vend a nostrum;* and I repeat, that the chief or distinguishing feature of the physician of the highest order, is his tolerance of all systems, and freedom

from thraldom to any; the little ceremony, with which he puts aside the fences of his school, when they threaten to interfere with the action of his own practical sagacity.—I cannot easily describe the astonishment with which—while thinking on such things—I perused the report of a speech said to have been recently spoken in London by Dr Rose Cormack. Dr Cormack, I suppose, is a man of some eminence, otherwise he would not have gone to the platform on the occasion referred to;* but as in my profound igno-

* It was on occasion of a meeting on the part of a number of physicians in London, in support of the recent edicts by the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh, condemnatory of practice in Homœopathy, and of the refusal of several Universities to grant the highest medical degree, unless the applicant would avow hostility to the new system. As I have said already, I do not feel myself qualified to discuss the scientific or practical deservings of Homœopathy. It is undergoing the infallible test of *experience;* and that many of the eminent physicians in Europe have given their adhesion to it, is a sufficient guarantee that it will have fair play, and—should it be true—prevail in the long-run. Leaving this point, then, out of the question, there is still a matter connected with the proceedings of the above learned bodies on which I must venture a remark. Far be it from me, also,

rance I never heard of him before, and therefore know nothing of his claims, I was in a position to consider his speech, without partiality or bias, and

to charge these bodies with *intolerance*. As in all such transactions, there are mixed motives, doubtless, in this one, there inheres the usual portion of impatience of novelty, and even of intolerance; but the true moving cause must have been something quite different, and worthy of enlightened and honourable men. It was, I believe, a case of *conscience;* and seemed put in the following form:—"Abstractly, Homœopathy may be true, or it may not be true. It is not for us to determine what the Future may bring forth; we undertake no such responsibility. *But, in the meantime, under our best lights, we believe it false;* and, as the established protectors of the public health, we are shut up, therefore, to one line of conduct; *we cannot bestow medical honours on any one inclining towards what we consider false and hazardous practice.*" Now, the real *hitch* is a profound one: it touches on the question, as to the *true functions of such established bodies*. Of course it cannot be said that *inquiry in medicine is closed?* Well then, is it the function of these colleges to authorise and prolong certain *opinions*, or merely to ascertain the *knowledge* of the applicant for honours, his *habits of investigation*, and the general *trustworthiness of his intellect?* I confess I can discern no safety for such bodies, under the *first* view. Medicine has changed often, and may be radically changed again. Does not that view, then, *virtually shut up these bodies to false action?* If they *must* pronounce on behalf of what *is*, where are they, *should that be error?*—The question now mooted has very wide relations.

likewise to criticise it precisely as it stands. The speaker's exact words I cannot give ; but they bore the following meaning : "QUACKS are, to a certain extent, gregarious ; they have many sympathies in common. Your Homœopathist, for instance, has a weak side in the direction of Hydropathy ; your Hydropathist thinks Homœopathy not unreasonable ; and both do a little in the way of Mesmerism."* Dr CORMACK ! Do you not know what the word *quack* can alone signify, in such a case ? I

* Dr MACLEOD is a Homœopathist, as people, I suppose, generally know—he having been involved in the recent disputes. He practises in this way at Ben Rhydding, when occasion appears to require it ; or when he expects good results from it more speedily than simple Hydropathy might realise : he is also in the habit of seeking the aid of other physiological agencies, *galvanism*, &c. I never saw him mesmerising any one, so that in this article he may possibly fall short of Dr Cormack's great Ideal.—To compensate, however, he uses to a considerable extent the Therapeutic movements of the young Swedish physician LING. I saw this interesting scheme of medical gymnastics for the first time at Ben Rhydding ; and was much struck with its ingenuity, simplicity, and extensive applicability. I cannot doubt that it has brought into view a very important rational curative agency.

presume you are a gentleman; and, therefore, I cannot fancy, that the many eminent men throughout Europe and elsewhere, who, after much earnest thought, have discovered that *novelties* are not necessarily *vanities*, are identified by you with that horde of incapable practitioners, who, since medicine began, have, *within* as *without* every sect, traded disreputably with the highest interests of human life. Let me instruct you, what, in a question so serious as this, the word *quack* does *not* signify. It is *not* applicable to the man who, moved by a profound feeling of the responsibilities lying over him—by a painful sense of the overwhelming magnitude, and bewildering diversity of the problems which, under so high a peril, he is daily called on to solve—by the conviction, too, which is still more painful, of the provisional nature of his best knowledge, the uncertainty and inadequacy of the most potent means he can marshal for staying the calamities environing him;

—your epithet, I say, is in no way applicable to the honest, the conscientious man, moved by such considerations, and also ever hopeful of new and higher helps from growing discovery, who hesitates not to avail himself of light coming from any quarter, pointing, at the same time, generously and fearlessly, to the source—it may be an unpopular one—of that fresh information which has increased his power to alleviate the grief of his fellows. There are persons, indeed, and many of them, incapable of acting thus. It is likely that I am an older man than you, and may have seen more; but even your experience, Dr CORMACK, must have revealed to you multitudes of good station, in what is called intellectual society, nay, and by no means deficient in intellect withal, in whose minds the nature and uses of knowledge have yet become so travestied, that a truth or system seems to them, not, as in the eyes of its discoverer, an important step in advance, but a reason why no one should

advance farther;—who, although at times they may have certain misgivings lest the tin-box with their diploma may not contain the sum-total either of actual or possible science, are yet practically quite satisfied withal—like shopmen ceasing to order when they cannot sell any more;—whose terror concerning haste, and noisy precautions against heresies and innovations, yield only, when the public—having got wearied of the old stock—search elsewhere for fresher wares; in which case the novelty is appropriated or stolen, and not borrowed or avowed—the original discoverer being vilified, and not thanked, and in proof that he has no desert, his peculiarities and inevitable mistakes made matter of scorn the while:—yes, Dr Cormack, whether you have met them or not. I assure you there are such men: and do you not agree, that however they are clad, or whatever their designation, although they flaunt about in caps or gowns, and wear on their solemn phy-

siognomies the impress of our gravest doctorates, they are not, indeed, cultivators of truth, or representatives of an honourable profession, but instead, only be-wigged, second-rate imitators of yon nimble and *astute*—(he would beat you, Dr CORMACK, to sticks)—yon clever and comical quack-salver in the market-place?

III.

In so far as my best convictions can assist him, my reader has it now in his power to reach an opinion concerning the capacities and limitations of Hydropathic practice, as well as the degree of certainty attending it as one form of the Therapeutic Art. It were to be expected—supposing my views not vitiated by some disproportionate amount of error—that a system so founded must receive the best evidence of its beneficial efficacy in a place like Ben Rhydding, where its special curative action is abetted by all collateral agencies—fresh air, opportunity for invigorating exercise, the presence of as fine and varied scenery as exists in England, and whatever professional skill can be evolved by sedulous systematic culture aided by a high degree of apt, natural

sagacity. While proceeding, therefore, to narrate a few illustrative facts, for whose accuracy I beg leave (though I write anonymously) to pledge my honour, I feel that I have less need to deprecate scepticism than to warn against unwarrantable expectations. Recollect that no therapeutic art whatever, can ward off the doom pronounced upon man, as part of all that is terrestrial. To diminish suffering even when doom is near, sometimes to eradicate hereditary pains, to save him for a period from the consequences of his own ignorance, recklessness, or impure life—these things therapeutics can attempt, and in the effort Hydropathy has succeeded. Nevertheless, FROM DUST WE CAME, AND TO DUST MUST RETURN. Let the grass grow in the spring, and put forth its green strength, and wave as it listeth gaily in the wind; autumn yet comes, the sere and the yellow leaf, and the reaper with his sickle. And there is the cankerworm besides, creeping unseen

beneath, and ever and anon cutting by stealth the roots of the freshest stem. Unhappily, our organisation is not born at the hour from which our life dates. The wrongs of ages lie upon it, challenging redress through the infirmities they have bequeathed; and these are occasionally wrought so subtilely into the frame, that *where* they lurk, and *what* they are, escapes the search of the keenest diagnost. They work however, steadily though silently, becoming manifest through scarce definable and vague apprehensions; at length, and as if at a start, they touch the silver cord, and the pride of life is laid low. There is no *elixir vitæ*—no Amreeta cup of Immortality: for the shrine of HYGEIA itself, no inscription is so fitting as the solemn one—

Remember, thou must die.

In selecting instances, I feel chiefly disturbed by the *embarras des richesses.* I shall exclude everything similar to the cases to which I have already referred, however cursorily; and I shall describe such only as are emphatically *illustrative,* or which evince the power of Hydropathy over prevalent and important *classes* of disease.

I. The first class of ailments of which I shall speak, has been well termed *the great malady of England; the disease of an overwrought brain.* It is the malady of modern civilisation. Man is at present in dire struggle with the forces of the world: it is *contest* with us, not *contemplation;* and although there is no doubt which way the tide of battle will roll, our ranks are being decimated —whole armies disappearing in the thick of the fight. There is, indeed, no time for rest; not in the morning, not at noontide, neither at night. The boy is rushed through school, forced to try

to comprehend and store up in one twelvemonth what should rightly occupy him during five: the young man is fixed at his desk—day labour—midnight labour—one set of ideas—anxieties ever deepening; he essays the ladder towards wealth and position—cares increase as his horizon widens—danger everywhere—insecurity of footing—he cannot sleep lest he should miss the prize. Then the great merchant, where is he? On the top of the pyramid certainly, balancing himself—but on tiptoe, and how unsteadily! Every wind that blows shakes him; there is no cloud, however small, which may not fling some shadow athwart him. What he sought so eagerly, though at the sacrifice of youth, has been reached; but harder the labour to retain it! I believe in very truth that many a man whose early strength—upheld by hope—was given in service to another, closes his life in much harder servitude—hope destroyed by possession—as a drudge, a

head clerk to himself. Let it not be fancied that I am inveighing against this civilisation of ours: that were indeed foolish, for it is "a great fact;" it is the mission, the *voice*, of the present era of the world. Nay, I cannot assent to the thousand times repeated fallacy, that such a scheme of things is inconsistent with individual greatness. Those anxieties, those terrible responsibilities, what are they, for the most part, but consequences of immense and complex *associations*, with all ranks and nations of men, in the midst of which the great Merchant necessarily lives? And, in proportion as he is a true man, his sympathies must widen with his connexions, and the sense of duty grow accordingly. It is a fact—the fact of the age—that *solidarité*, or *fraternité* as the French call it, is wholly undeniable as a *material* reality; and, sure as fate, soul shall yet be breathed through the huge body thus painfully preparing —to knit, to vivify, and ennoble it. Woe, how-

ever, in the meantime, to the insufficient organisation of the tasked worker! In the distinct and affecting narrative recently given of his own case by a "*Liverpool Merchant*," the process of wear and tear, is traced direct to its consummation. It is only the common story. First dyspepsia and disordered secretions, irritability and weakness; resort to medicine and stimulants —senna and sherry, calomel and coffee, perhaps with the *small glass*, which sometimes follows it; —driven, as has been wittily said, like a shuttlecock between battledoors, until, as a necessary result in the merciless game, feather and cork will hold together no longer, but are knocked in pieces. When, however, one approaches the catastrophe somewhat nearer than the Liverpool Merchant—who took to Hydropathy in due time —symptoms are evolved of a nature much more serious than those he has narrated: it is a very alarming, and ought to be a widely understood

fact, that the disease we are speaking of tends all but invariably to MONOMANIA of the most painful character. I quote, in illustration, the following two cases.* One day, an extensive farmer in a distant part of the country found his way to Ben Rhydding, or rather was brought there by his friends. He was a very strong man, of a vascular temperament, his circulation quick and powerful, skin hot; and he had been bled, cupped, and physicked, simply with evil consequences. His cerebral system was altogether disordered; and his nervous power had become convulsive. He had fallen into profound despondency; thought he was ruined, and lost in the world as a man. He disliked his wife and children, believed them beggars, and sometimes imagined that his wife had died in misery and de-

* I do not say, of course, that in each of these two cases the *causes* were *absolutely uniform;* in fact, they were not so: the disease, nevertheless was the same in both—quite the same as with the Liverpool Merchant.

spair. Yet withal his derangements were merely functional. Dr Macleod seemed to have no hesitation how to treat this case. He prescribed the dry pack in the morning; and the wet envelope for an hour at noon and afternoon, persistently. In three weeks, the clouds overhanging the man gave way; and in three months he left the establishment strong and happy. I heard of his continuing in perfect health long afterwards.—The instance I shall quote next was a much more difficult one. It resulted simply and solely from prolonged overworking in business, and neglect of the primary symptoms of derangement. On a summer evening, Dr Macleod was summoned to the ante-room to a gentleman just arrived. He found him walking up and down, in distressing excitement; he could not rest on a chair; and as he paced the room his hands opened and shut convulsively; his pulse was quick and irritable; his eyes large, slightly

swollen, and feverish. The poor man was depressed beyond description. He believed that he had killed his father and mother, and that God had forsaken him. He threw himself down to pray; but he saw no friend in Heaven—only a vengeful Judge. He could not sleep, but moaned all night; and what seemed the copestone of his misery, he thought he had induced his wife to take part in his crimes. Nothing whatever beyond neglected and extreme nervous dyspepsia: but no well-marked improvement occurred, until after the lapse of six weeks. At that time, the eye grew less restless; and the quick anxious grasping of the fingers also diminished. The visit of an old acquaintance brought on a fortnight's relapse; but assured progress re-commenced, and at the end of four months the patient's lease of happiness and life appeared permanently renewed,—at least, it has not been menaced since.—I shall briefly indicate

the curative process in this case: it exemplifies the variety of Hydropathic resources, and the discrimination required in applying them. The nervous temperament of the patient was too high for *energetic* treatment; and the Doctor prescribed, and persisted in the following local and general applications.—1. *Soothing* Baths.—Well wrung envelope for ten or fifteen minutes, followed by dripping sheet. Slow vapour-bath for fifteen minutes, once a week, with shallow-bath after. Compress over stomach.—2. *Derivative.*—Sitting-bath and foot-bath, for four minutes at a time frequently repeated.—3. *Bracing.*—Local—Spouting of back, and shower-bath over stomach; moderate drinking. General—Two pailfuls of water thrown over the shoulders; shallow-bath at 60° for half a minute.—These are the simple, well-judged appliances by which health was restored to a frame so shattered. Had this patient been treated by the Lancet, or

further drugged, the chances are he would not have survived a week.

II. I shall refer next to two cases of disease deeper rooted,—further *ingrained* by time, perhaps, in so far, through inheritance. A gentleman of sixty, originally of a powerful frame, had been thrown from a coach three years before he bethought himself of Wharfedale. Three ribs were broken, which lamed and confined him. Diseases previously threatening him, gradually broke forth; — the opportunity, they watched for, having supervened. When he reached Ben Rhydding, he had been dropsical for eighteen months; abdomen, ankles, and legs, swollen to double their natural size; intractable constipation, and great general debility. Add to all which, he was now severely attacked by sciatica, and by pain in the back, so that he could not move without much suffering. His pulse was small and quick; breath-

ing rapid and faint, and his face pale and anxious. It was not easy to fancy a more thorough wreck. I shall not go into the details of curative treatment in this instance: the *rationale* being sufficient. In the first place, there was congestion of the liver and kidneys: depending on general irritation, and the inactivity of these organs. The removal of irritation, by soothing processes, procured, therefore, a partial relief; and, as strength increased at the same time, the natural secretions became abundant and natural. With restoration of function, congestion ceased also. Then as to the sciatica; it was one of long standing, and could not be acted on without corresponding difficulty. In aged persons, such affections cannot, in some cases, be removed by Hydropathic processes *alone;* and, in the present instance, Dr Macleod took assistance from galvanic currents, and the application of considerable heat externally, by *irons.* The broken-down man quite

recovered, and is now, in a green threescore, energetically engaged in duty.—My second case was a still worse one ;—a case of *chronic gout.* The gentleman to whom I refer, came to the establishment a cripple. Male attire could not be put on him ; and he was swathed in blankets. He had been ill for years ; had consulted every physician of note ; and been stuffed to satisfaction, with drugs and iodine. I did not see him when he came ; but those who knew him then, described to me his condition. Before I left, he was one of the most active companions of my walks ; and although considerably my senior, I never found *him* the laggard, on the moors of a morning. When he returned to the great city, in which he was a well-known merchant, his fellows of the Exchange, scarcely recognised him. He enjoyed health and activity for many months ; after which he was summoned to attend to the last debt—the debt of Nature.—Cures like these are very

wonderful, and their *possibility* a signal boon to Mankind; but let it never be forgotten, that it is our imperative duty to *prevent the accumulation* of calamities so fearful, and which must ever be very hazardous. It is a custom with men—a custom little betokening the prevalence of *reason*—to dally with disease, to hang by expedients, even after their forlornness has become apparent; and it has much astonished me how many seek the aid of Hydropathy only as a *last resource.* Revival even *then*, is *possible;* but is it rational, is it just to ourselves or to science, to postpone application to a beneficent Curative Art, until disease has grown inveterate, and been mixed up besides with we know not how many *diseases of the Doctor?* If disappointed in such extremity, if, through folly so immeasurable, he has already crossed the boundary from which there is no returning, let not the stricken and mourning man fret against the system, whose proffered services

he refused, disdained perhaps and insulted, until the day went by! From the fact, that cases apparently desperate, *may* be cured, there is no warrantable inference save this:—if Hydropathy can, under favourable circumstances, contend successfully with what seems the very extremity of evil, *then would timely application to it, infallibly prevent such evils from ever growing to a head.* Few rules in morality, indeed, are oftener broken by the young, than those which demand them to protect, for the service of God and the world's use, the physical health and energy with which they are endowed. To many, the absorption of a large part of their time in frivolity—would doubtless be repugnant; but, generally speaking, these very persons—in ignorant or guilty foolhardiness — neglect precautions, which are alone capable of rendering small ailments really small, of hindering their slow and deadly germination into a power to shorten life, or at

least to abate, by one half, one's ability to act vigorously and persistently. Be wise in time, O young Man! It is Morning now; but Night cometh—sure enough!

III. One more instance. It relates to the serious illness of a Lady, who has herself described it, and desires that it be known. The following is her narrative:—

"Aged 39. Had previously been in good health, until severe affliction produced a general derangement of the system, especially of the stomach; in a very few weeks attacks of EPILEPSY came on and continued at intervals, varying from two to four or six weeks. Was under the care of an eminent physician (besides having the usual medical attendance) for fourteen months; a great variety of remedies were applied, as blisters, medicines of a soothing alterative and tonic tendency, combined with change of air and scene,

and a rigid attention to diet, &c., &c.; with very slight benefit to the general health however, and little if any alleviation of the disease. The attacks were always preceded by violent palpitation of the heart—a symptom generally more or less felt on lying down in bed, and which would frequently continue for several hours. Such was the irritability and excitement of the nervous system, that the patient rarely slept much, if at all, before one or two o'clock in the morning; and it was no uncommon thing for her never to close her eyes before five or six; it was not, however, the mere lying awake—the restlessness, the sudden startings, the uncontrollable mental wanderings and anxieties were beyond all things and peculiarly distressing. The strength was greatly reduced, and little capability felt for physical or mental effort. Excepting a deep sallow hue, the face, and *lips* especially, were colourless.—After putting herself under the care of

Dr Macleod, no recurrence of the epileptic attacks took place, except once, a few weeks after the commencement of the treatment; and, shortly after beginning to use the head-bath (which was administered for about half an hour after getting into bed, as well as at intervals during the day), the sleep became quiet, sound, and refreshing—the patient frequently falling asleep before the head was out of the bath; the palpitation ceased, and the whole system seemed soothed and tranquillised. The wet-sheet envelope was once tried; but the effect being evidently prejudicial, it was not repeated, neither was any treatment of a reducing nature adopted. At the expiration of about three months, during which period the shallow-bath, sitting-bath, and *douche* had been freely used, the system appeared to take a strong hold of the constitution; depression of spirits, and prostration of the physical powers were felt to a great extent; but these were not

regarded by Dr Macleod as unfavourable indications, they seemed to denote, rather, a struggle of the constitution with the disease. The treatment, except the head-baths, and a shallow-bath on rising in the morning, was suspended for a few weeks, after which it was re-commenced with increased benefit; and after remaining rather more than half a year at Ben Rhydding, the patient returned home early in December 1847 in *perfect health.* Unbelievers in the water system may say, that pure air, regular habits, restricted diet, and cheerful society at Ben Rhydding effected this cure; but whilst fully acknowledging the beneficial tendency of these adjuncts, restoration to health cannot be attributed to them, seeing that they had all been previously tried, without any lasting benefit. None who have experienced the exhilaration of the *douche,* the bracing of the shallow-bath, the alterative effects of the sitting, or the tranquillising effects of the head-

bath, will be disposed to deny that these remedies, *judiciously administered*, may, where *no organic affection* exists, effect a cure, even in a malady which certainly may rank amongst the most fearful to which the human frame is liable. There are, however, two points which cannot be too strongly urged on the patient and the practitioner, viz., that in this as in other diseases, where the cause which has produced it has been long at work, it is vain—or in all probability will be so—to look for its removal in a short space of time—patience and perseverance are essential requisites; and who would not call them into action to attain such an end? *Secondly*, Experience of the powerful effects of the water system has convinced the writer that without the utmost caution in its administration, and close watching of its effects, the consequences, instead of being favourable, may prove, and often have proved, highly injurious. *Moderate treatment strengthens*

the constitution, and enables nature to overcome the disease—over treatment debilitates the system, and confirms the disease."

—I do not consider it necessary to push my illustrations farther. Multitudes of cases passed under my own eye, some of them more interesting than any I have narrated; but the details were generally unknown to me, and I have selected the foregoing for the reasons already assigned. Unless, however, these instances be taken as illustrative of the *power* of Hydropathy merely, and not of the *variety* of its applications, or of its singular *capacity*, much injustice will be done to it. There are large classes of complaints touching very closely on the springs of life, which can be described only by the physician, and which are not suitable for the curious eye. I have been told, for instance, of remarkable aptitudes in the

water-cure, to infirmities incident to the feebler sex; and that, by a prompt and resolute use of it, many a sufferer might have arisen above prolonged debility, sometimes escaped severest pains, and, for a time, evaded death. But I feel that by pushing inquiry farther, I should only transgress the limits alike of subject and space which I prescribed to myself when these pages were begun: and what I have said will, perhaps, accomplish what I wished.—There are two points, however, of general and profound interest, to which, as we close, I would pointedly advert. In the first place, it will occur to most as matter of regret, that a system of treatment so efficacious, and withal so simple, should have hitherto been so little within reach of the *masses* of society. Moderate certainly the remuneration demanded at such a place as Ben Rhydding, considering the services, the conveniences, the luxuries even, that are afforded in exchange; it is enough, neverthe-

less, to exclude the multitude, who have but scant share of leisure time, and less share of surplus income. An hospital in the neighbouring village of Ilkley, established by Dr Macleod, and sustained professionally by his ever ardent benevolence, offers, indeed, the benefits of treatment for the trifling sum of 10s. 6d. a week; and it is most gratifying that what it offers so liberally, is being extensively appreciated.* But although one great establishment in Wharfedale may, even in that populous region, subserve the purposes of most of the wealthier who can reach it—what is

* I witnessed many very interesting cases in this hospital, which I would gladly detail. One poor factory girl, for instance, had been virtually brought back to life in it; she was at first a helpless, and seemingly a hopeless cripple. The Benefit Societies in the neighbouring towns are beginning to send their sick members there—a practice much to be commended. The surplus expenses of the hospital are defrayed by the donations and subscriptions of those who have to spare; visitors at Ben Rhydding being, of course, not last in the good work. Whatever comes of the hint about to be thrown out; it is clear that this hospital should, in the first instance, be greatly enlarged, and made an important place.

ONE *Hospital*, in the midst of the hundreds of thousands of those large towns? I do not condescend now on the means by which the blank may be supplied: one thing is clear, there is no *practical* question better meriting attention from those, who see, in the present lot of the workingman much that humanity deplores, and something not congruous with justice. But farther: in a previous page I referred to the rapid curative action of Hydropathy in cases of FEVER, which, I repeat, it reduces—*if the evil be taken in time*—to something not more serious than a common cold. It is, of course, impossible to receive fever cases in an establishment like Ben Rhydding; nor are the cases that would go there, at present chiefly in my thoughts. I am thinking rather of those recurring *fever-plagues* which at intervals devastate our large cities; occurrences, however, which are only extraordinary outbursts of that permanent fever-plague always stalking through their unseen lanes

and wynds. Now—to stay that plague, to avert death from such a cause, and all the desolation and destitution following in its train—*I have never heard of Hydropathy being yet applied.* Fever-wards in hospitals we have; and Fever-hospitals apart, when the mortality is more than usually menacing; and by gigantic efforts the *spread* of the disease is frequently arrested; *but what is the ratio of deaths?* The state of the case is most simple; it is summed up in two propositions, admitting of no dispute:—*Fever is, of all diseases, the least tractable by ordinary medicine: To Hydropathy, on the contrary, it yields almost without resistance.* As a people, we are fond of philanthropy. Let a good be even hoped for, and we have services in profusion; in behalf of propositions whose foundations are somewhat questionable, we can marshal self-sacrifice in every form: is it not right, then, to ask attention, thus formally, to a field of exertion, as extensive as the necessity

is clamant—one in which the exercise of benevolence could never fail to merit the loftier designation of BENEFICENCE ?

THE SHRINE.

Chapter IV.

Serial.

CLOSING our long disquisition, let us again breathe a space.

How does one live at Ben Rhydding? The

Chariot of the Hours, rolls it quickly there, or somewhat like the Moon in Ajalon? As vigour of frame increases, comes there with it langour or activity of brain? And, in absence of wine and the dice-box, or other rational amusements—(otter-hunts in the Wharfe *are* sometimes got up with worthy pomp by Squires and Dames of the West Riding, loyally attended by the mob of Otley)—what resource on the chance occurrence of any disposable activity? How is that large idle company protected on a rainy day against a permanent state of drawn-out, open-mouthed *exolution?**

Now, as to this leisure, it cannot hang very heavy, for two reasons; the *first* being, that there

* *Qy.* Does the learned author mean that, in bad weather, the people at Ben Rhydding are like to get into a *yawn*, and not to get out of it again, as men do whose jaws fall out of joint? Put a *Qy.* whether, if he meant this, he might not say it in *English*, as we have no letters for *Latin* at this frame.—*Note by Printer's Devil.*

is very little surplus leisure going. People in general have scarcely any notion of the actual labour of living—of doing positive and imperative *duty*, at a Hydropathic establishment. Let us take a single day at Ben Rhydding as an instance. In the morning, as early as you like, your special bath; then its walk; then breakfast; then the Doctor's short Scripture readings; then the Doctor again — his regular daily consultations. After this, half-an-hour, during which one talks of plans, settles jaunts, &c.; immediately, that momentous forenoon event, the arrival of the post. I am sure I marvel why people care about the post in such a place. Since Rowland Hill's reform, as they call it, this post has become one of the greatest bores in England; and I rather esteem it one of the misfortunes of Ben Rhydding, that even *there*, one is not quite beyond reach of it. No disputing with tastes, however. Well, this post, for which the ladies, I notice, are always

anxiously in attendance; then forenoon bath and its walk, which brings one within reach of first dinner-bell; and this again within reach of dinner! Quick work, they say, is not always effective work: a maxim not without exceptions; one of these, doubtless, being the disposal of the contents of the Doctor's substantial table! As the sequel of such a crisis, physiology demands a period of grave repose. How the inhabitants, individually, repose, I know not: some, no doubt, perform this duty in the usual fashion; others probably betake to contemplation; a few have been discovered moving pretty systematically towards the billiard-room. As to what is done in this period of rest, no great matter, however. Fast again, the hour of afternoon bath (*three* in all; enthusiastic persons have had *seven*); walking once more, and a little lounging, then evening meal; then the drawing-room; then a glass of Ben Rhydding

nectar; then closed doors, extinguished lights, and—to bed!

"All well," remarks yon anxious, resolute-looking pale-faced romantic young man, who intends soon to set fire to the Pacific Ocean, "but you have said nothing about *reading*, nothing about *study*, nothing about cultivating those nobler faculties which alone raise man above the brutes. *Omnis homines qui sese student præstare ceteris animalibus, summa ope niti decet ne vitam silentio, &c.*" Excellent, my young friend! Quoted with admirable fluency from SALLUST; only a little infelicitous in the present case, seeing that SALLUST was a wild fellow, leading by no means a demure or reputable life, in a very luxurious house in ROME: maxims from such a source can hardly be expected to be received with much favour at Ben Rhydding! The life here is a staid hygienic life, and nothing *immoral* can be

permitted. If, unfortunately for the world and yourself, you were addicted to bad habits previously, and cannot break from them all at once, you can have a newspaper, perhaps; or if your condition is very serious, the Doctor may considerately prescribe for you the Ettrick Shepherd's tales, out of his select library; but as to study and books! Why, if you have brought books with you, the best thing you can do is to pack them up again, or rather never unloose them; and having bundled them into some remote corner of the office, off with you to the moors! Books indeed! We know a good deal better how to employ the scraps of leisure which escape from incessant daily labour like the foregoing; and this brings me to my *second* reason why that leisure never can hang heavy. Happily this large mansion has two large wings, in one of which the ladies reside; still more happily, between these wings, as common ground, are the dining-

room and drawing-room; and *without*—encircling the whole house—the walks, the fields, and the heath. However incredible, I have heard it gravely stated, nay, it has even been printed, that association of the two sexes in establishments like this, is flagrantly improper. The extraordinary reasons for this extraordinary speculation are quite unfit to be narrated; so that I shall simply denounce all doctrines of the kind which I ever have heard, or ever shall hear, as essentially and hopelessly vulgar, and therefore essentially false. Be it known, worthy reader, that whoever I am, or whatever I am, I am not a member of the fair sex; not even under that modern and mysterious modification of it, called Bloomerism: I am entitled, therefore, to speak *out* on this subject, and I honestly declare, that rather than be cooped up in an establishment like this, with a set of slovenly, dirty, unshaven men-monsters—rather than have to endure their rude-

ness, their mean-mindedness, their immitigable stupidities—to be bored to death by their solemn wisdom, their snuff, their dissertations on cotton and the Catholics, their absurd and everlasting ten-pounderism—I would totally abandon hydropathy; and that, without sacrifice; for although *such* hydropathy might have killed, it certainly never would have cured *me!* Well, then! There being Ladies in the case, is it a mystery still, how one may profitably use up a few stray scraps of leisure? My own tastes in this way are probably peculiar. I affect the society of grave elderly ladies only, or of very young ones. Personally I might prefer perhaps that the intermediate age were abolished; for I am living on *blanc-mange.* Nevertheless, O good young man, with those conscious soft and red cheeks, and who must not throw yourself away, don't be frightened—they won't eat you! Help that pretty girl through the hedge there; don't be frightened; she *may*

laugh at you, but won't marry you against your will! Matrimony, in fact, is rather at a discount at Ben Rhydding; I am not sure, speaking psychologically, whether the water-cure agrees with it. Leisure? Visions of pic-nics—capital things, unequalled, if arranged according to the principles of a sound philosophy—long walks, jaunts to Abbeys, Palaces, or the Middleton "Faery Dell;" teas on the grass; and that wonderful evening drawing-room, now for the first time becoming in any way intelligible! No Ladies indeed! That music, that singing, those quips and cranks and wreathed smiles, those games, that good-nature and ringing laughter,—were such things ever encompassed by a set of masculine young puppies, or a few pompous, moth-eaten sages? "Strange discipline for invalids," sighs the ghost of some great-great-grandmother; "they never did that in my day." Lie still, then, good lady; it was written long ago in the Talmud—"*Care to our*

coffin," &c. &c. &c. "Nonsense," says another voice; "silly games these, can't you hit on something sensible?" A voice—not a doubt of it—issuing from that fellow with the white cravat and starched collar over his ears—a fellow stiff as a poker, who couldn't write either the *Paradise Lost* or the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, though he should live to the age of Methuselah! Nonsense, is it? Don't you believe in the *Menagerie* then? Just peep behind that curtain, and I promise, you will see, staring right at you, as long-eared, gaping, and stupid a jackass as ever brayed in this wide world! Silly games! Have you read the *Sorrows of Werter?* Is that singular game of *three* ever to be named beside our *terzo?* Silly games, forsooth? Plenty of them indeed, though not with *us!* That, for instance, at which Pio Nono is now playing—all Europe gazing intent—is *it*, when one goes to the root of things, comparable with *Punch and Judy*, or will

it last one hundredth part as long? Poor Louis Napoleon too, and Ben Disraeli, is *their* game as good or dignified as our *hunt the whistle?* Then honest Monsieur Thiers, and Guizot the *doctrinaire,* with the universe at the tips of his dogmatic fingers; Fusionists and Legitimists; Robert Macaire; Harry Brougham, and Harry of Exeter,—what are *their* charades compared with *ours?* Very much less puzzling indeed—easier a deal to find out!—Silly games? Supposing they *are* silly; what then? Is not that merit the greater—that mind the greater—which is so pleased and engrossed by them? Is it not—considered metaphysically—a case of *Soul* towering beyond circumstance, those "noble powers" spoken of by the pale young man, ascending above matter and controlling it, shewing that if a world had not already been made for us, we could at once have created one; and a laughing rollicking world it should have been!

Is it not—considered æsthetically—that fancies are being let loose—manifold as ever seethed in TITANIA'S brain and BOTTOM'S besides; all (BOTTOM included) harmonised and glorified by interfusion of COLERIDGE'S great Faculty of the *Esemplastic?* Has it not—to speak transcendentally —been investigated by GOETHE, SCHELLING, and HEGEL, and reduced to practice by that prodigious Archimagus, the KING of PRUSSIA, how, —— but why argue with a—*stick?* Come forth, brave Poetess, string and attune your lyre; most worthy *thou*—laureate of Ben Rhydding drawing-room!

NONSENSE, *thou delicious thing,*
Thought and feeling's efflorescence,
Like the bubbles from a spring
In their sparkling effervescence!
Thou, the child of sport and play,
When the brain keeps holiday!
When old gravity and reason
Are dismiss'd as out of season,

And imagination seizes
The dominion while she pleases;
Though to praise thee, can't be right,
Yet, nonsense, thou art exquisite!

When for long and weary hours
We have sat with patient faces,
Tasking our exhausted powers
To utter wise old commonplaces;
Hearing and repeating, too,
Things unquestionably true;
Maxims which there 's no denying,
Facts to which there 's no replying:
Then how often have we said,
With tired brain and aching head,
" Sense may all be true and right,
But, nonsense, thou art exquisite!"

When we close the fire around,
When young hearts with joy are brimming,
While gay laughing voices sound,
And eyes with dewy mirth are swimming;
In the free and fearless sense
Of friendship's fullest confidence;
Pleasant then, without a check,
To lay the reins on fancy's neck,

And let her wild caprices vary
Through many a frolicsome vagary,
Exclaiming still, in gay delight,
" Oh, nonsense, thou art exquisite!"

It is fatiguing, this quick gallopade; tread we now a gentler measure.

—The society of Ben Rhydding is probably not *generically* different from what one meets at any frequented watering-place. In *species* it is grave; owing probably to the absence of disordering stimuli, subjection of the household to hygienic rules, and the fact that people come here for the most part with an earnest and important purpose: nevertheless, it were incorrect to suppose that from fifty to a hundred persons of all ages, belonging to the same *easy* classes, and living in company under the same roof, would—whatever their purpose—fail to manifest the peculiarities always found among English men and women, associated under ordinary circumstances. Now,

as I am pretty much satisfied, that in all such associations there is less real enjoyment than there might be, I intend, before parting with my patient and excellent reader, to offer him a few pregnant hints with a view to the abatement of what seem to me obstructions to that enjoyment. The obstructions I shall speak of, arise, on the one hand, in the casual action of certain foolish and objectionable habits or tendencies, tolerated and indulged in—I verily believe—simply because they have never been thoughtfully examined ; and, on the other, in the oversight of advantages and sources of interest, lying so straight in one's way, that I suppose, we overlook them as we do so many of our best blessings—just because they are so common. And, to get quickly rid of disagreeables, I mean, in the first place, to use my privilege as a *nameless* person,* and point at and scold *some-*

* A word concerning this said privilege of "anonymity."—A friend of mine, is in the habit of saying—when in highflying moods

thing wherewith I think there is reason to find fault, not certainly at Ben Rhydding especially, but, in a much more general way, among my good countrymen and countrywomen, at watering-places assembled. The misfortune is, that I can't find a right name for that "something;"—*censoriousness* is too bad a name; *busy-body-ism*, again, not serious enough; and *gossipping* not sufficiently comprehensive. In which dilemma, it will be

—that "he dislikes *Conscience* on principle; it interferes so with a Man's *Free-agency*." Now, the *anonymous* certainly does not bestow Free-agency, in my friend's free-and-easy sense of the word; but it does deliver one, from the conventional restraints and awkwardnesses of *Personality*. Just think, good reader, of the essential distinction separating the following two cases:—In the first place, I do not doubt you will take much that I have written, and am yet to write in the above pages, very humbly, and with every disposition to improve by it; although your inner soul should tell you that I speak of its dearest vices, you certainly will not be *offended?* But suppose again that *I*—not Mr Nobody, as I am, but *Mr Somebody*, in a suit of trim black or drab, as the case might be,—suppose that *I*, in bodily form, strode up and said, *Sir! you are wrong in doing so and so?* Wouldn't you be apt to reply—That may be; but what right have *you* to talk so to *me?* You observe, then, how "*anonymity*" disembarrasses the question? It gets rid wholly of the *you* and the

safest—adopting the last name *pro forma*—to attack the "something" through its chief characteristics; which I find to be *three*.

I. The element which, perhaps, demands notice *first*, in any discourse on this "*gossipping*," is what I would term the *Paul Pry* element. Few characters are more distasteful, in the abstract, to us English people than this same *Paul Pry*;—

me: leaving only the real point at issue; the point, however, on which, but for such a shield, no issue would probably be joined. Were I to assume the *me*, and—as Ruling Elder of a certain eminent Dissenting body—to say what you are quite pleased that I say *now*, I should almost expect you to knock me down; and—under weight of the same solemn honours—I should think as soon, of speaking freely and gaily, as I would of going in the dress in which I tumble about the moors, to the formal party where to-night I must encounter "three courses and a dessert." Opinion *by itself*—free opinion; opinion pretending to no authority beyond its reasonableness, and disentangled from conventions;—of that all-powerful Democracy of Thought, in modern times, *Anonymity* is the indispensable banner: —*Abuses* you say? In the first place, trust to individual conscience —more powerful, under that shield, than you imagine; secondly, trust to public sagacity; lastly, is not Fire abused, and even the free Air? But they are good, nevertheless, and you enjoy them?

when fairly and broadly put, we revolt utterly from his practices. Is there one of us, for instance, who would open the letter of a stranger; —nay, one blushes at the very thought of looking inquiringly towards such a letter left accidentally exposed. But, strange to say, it is the very essence of the spirit of gossipping to push its way into that part of a man's mind or affairs, which he chooses to retain as a *reserve;* no matter though he fulfils all social duty, and is nowise deficient in reasonable courtesy, the gossipper ruthlessly invades his retirement, resolved, *vi aut dolo*—by hook or by crook—to become possessed of what it contains. Is it imagined that the man has no right to this reserve; that, as a member of society, he is bound to give up *everything;* in other words, that from head to foot, soul and body, every man is or ought to be public property? Assuredly a most uncomfortable conclusion! The fact is, that the *social* relations,

those relations which suffice to provide order and progress and beauty—breadth height and ornamentation—for such an architecture as Ben Rhydding, are, notwithstanding the numerous duties and affections embraced within their circuit, only one special feature in the constitution of any *true* human being. Much nearer reality is the following. Draw on your paper a very small circle, and colour it intense. *That* is a man's own circle, his *castle*, the sphere of his innermost conflicts, the home of joys and sorrows never communicated, because incommunicable in their true form, save to *one* other of earth's children—that one who is no longer to him as if they were twain. Draw, now, around this inner circle, one somewhat larger, and shade it intensely too, only somewhat less so; *that*, is the circle of domestic or *family* life, inhabited by all family affections, close indeed on the man's heart, although the heart nevertheless has an abode by itself. Next, a circle yet larger

and of gayer colouring : *that* is the *social* circle, the circle of Ben Rhydding life, — warm and pleasant enough, but not a whit nearer the *centre* than I have placed it. Then again, following in order, we have the circle of *national* life— the circle of the politician, &c.—typified by the House of Commons, the House of Lords, &c. ; a circle still coloured, although more faintly. Farther outward—now all but white—you have another and broader ring, whose name is *cosmopolitism*, or universal philanthropy ; and it represents Crystal Palace life, trips on the Rhine, life in American steam-boats, &c. &c.—Is my illustration insufficient ? Then try another. A man we shall say is a *mountain;* massive and well-proportioned, lofty and with a spacious base. At the foot, the slope is gentle, merging imperceptibly into the plains ; and here all men and animals meet and browse, scarce noticing the mountain,—beasts clean and unclean, all creeping

things and all nations. Next, a broad zone with distinct acclivity; but green, hospitable, and in nothing forbidding; a capacious place, fit for noisy provincial assemblages—feasts, fairs, and palavers. Above this again, another zone broader still, although the circumference or *girth* is now much smaller; the grass here gives way to heather, and there are bare cliffs and terraces, commanding large and picturesque views—admirably suited for social parties, agreeable *picnics*. As we ascend towards the upper limit of this zone, rocks abound, and grow menacing; the pathway becomes faint; ladies and gentlemen cannot conveniently walk here,—it tries the temper even of Bloomerism. Then penetrate no further; you have reached the outskirts of fortresses built up for creatures which are the mountain's *own;* the springbok and the chamois alone, belong to those solitary precipices; and *they* walk securely up to the very base of the topmost pin-

nacle which pierces clear towards the heavens.—Now do not misunderstand me. I am not saying, observe you, that every individual descendant of Adam and Eve is a mountain of this sort. I have been describing only the *theory* of mankind—the *idea*, so to speak, according to which we have been made. An ill-natured person would say—not altogether, indeed, without show of reason—that practically men are little better than *bungles;* that instead of imposing masses gracefully tapering upwards, you have a chaos of ill-formed heaps, with hump here and hump there ; sometimes one side cut quite away; and unless by a miracle, nowhere the zones or circles rightly placed or fully unfolded. Nevertheless—and it is *this* I wish *Mr Paul Pry* to understand—the general mould or structure of humanity is undoubtedly the foregoing ; whatever any individual mind may not have, whatever it may have in excess, or however irregular it may be, the ele-

ments spoken of, exist in *all;* the *reserve* especially—those jagged rocks, inhospitable briers; places not meant for *Mr Pry*, and where if he venture, the chances are he shall only come to mischief. In *all*, did I say? Are these elements —this *reserve*—in *all?* One class indeed—by no means a small one—must be excepted; I mean your mystery-mongers—fellows who speak in oracles, with incessant shrugs and shakes of the head. These fellows have *no* reserves; empty in the interior, alike of head and heart: only they pay that homage to virtue, which *Rochefoucauld* so praises, *i.e.*, they are hypocrites. Low mounds they are — not mountains; low marshy mounds, covered with ill-favoured smoke which *might* hide something elevated; and which deceives for a time, as it invites no approach. I knew a sham of this stamp, who succeeded in building up twice a very considerable solemn imposture; he is now at his third attempt, where

probably he will be discovered too. Another I knew—a better man—who I believe was diseased in one direction. His life was that of mole; nor could his delight be surpassed, when the muddy heap he threw up seemed unexpected. To reach a distant milestone on the straight high road, he would at any time have preferred a difficult round-about path through a tangled wood, so that he reached the desired point—none knew how! To *Mr Pry* I give up all such men. Let him exercise on them his highest genius; dodge their every step; and above all, tell them, as soon as possible, that he has doubled them everywhere, tracked their windings, and peered into every twist and fold of their empty pretence.

II. The *second* offensive element of what we have agreed to call *gossipping*, is a more serious one—its *untruthfulness*. A gossip can scarce avoid being untruthful. I do not mean exactly

that every gossip would tell deliberate lies; although when one's enjoyment has become so dependent on finding out by stealth, what it is very difficult to find out, there *is* a temptation over him—by no means slight—*to stretch a point.* The untruthfulness I speak of, however, is of a subtler kind. The gossip is keen to learn about some one's inner nature; he catches, or he thinks he catches, a stray feature or act of it; and on the ground of this solitary act or expression—*of itself unintelligible, when not interpreted by the very thing that is unknown*—he straightway constructs and details his theory; perhaps the more willingly if, as usual, it be an unfavourable or depreciating one. A single act, or expression, is for the most part very insignificant and meaningless in itself; it has no vitality, if dissevered from the purpose—the modes of thinking, of its author, and from the circumstances in which it took place. It is not safe, depend upon it, to make any such

isolated act, or even a considerable series of them, the ground of absolute judgment on persons so little known to us, as those we meet only in general society necessarily are. Those interior *circles*—so close to the man—contain laws, and springs of action, quite different from what ly within the more outward, social circle ; and the easy *nonchalant* conventionality of the one, is not an atmosphere in which to prepare for just appreciation of the other. Life in the Crystal Palace for instance : though one might pass through those throngs bravely and successfully enough, would it follow that he understood or ever *could* understand the national Life of England ? Witness extraordinary *feuilletons* in certain Paris journals ! Witness acute HORACE GREELEY, himself an Anglo-Saxon, informing his fellow Americans that a large portion of London is built of polished white marble ! Not long ago *Mr Paul Pry* having ventured a little way beyond the limits of

safety for pic-nics, scrutinised those higher cliffs with a dirty opera-glass—damaged besides, I believe; and dimly seeing there a springbok of unusual colour, amusing itself with unusual gambols, he ran back, tumbling over the rocks and screaming out—*a Griffin!*—The pure affections are very free sometimes; up amid clear ether, they refuse the bondage of form; lo! *a Griffin!*—I sat lately in a railway carriage with an American, who informed me that Abolitionists in his country are all blackguards. I named one* whom I knew, of repute as unblemished as his intellect is powerful—a man on whom I was pretty sure no breath of calumny would blow from one boundary of the Union to the other: my respondent said that his opinions concerning certain ceremonial observances were doubtful, and that such a man never could be honest! *Brother Jonathan's Griffin!*—England, if—as with

* Mr Wendell Phillips.

all that is mortuary—she has thrown off her first gloom, cherishes regret, now profoundly as ever, because of the sudden and mournful calamity which deprived her of the greatest Statesman of the time. He was a man fashioned according to her best standards, fitted beyond any other whom the last century has brought forth, to be the guide of this commonwealth. His *prudence* they termed *timidity;* although no man was ever bolder. He was reserved, partly through a sense of his responsibilities, partly because of his personal struggles, but mostly because of an isolation which had long told him that he must bear his burdens alone. They attributed that isolation to a distrustful unsympathetic nature: whereas it sprung from the very breadth of sympathies which the barriers neither of class nor faction could contain, and which neither class nor faction nor any other recognised political body, at that time comprehended. The man's heart too, beat

as strongly as he felt widely; but it was *at home* only, that he permitted its pulsations to be heard; there alone, where pulse answered to pulse; there —around his hearth—they knew to how high a pitch his nature was wound, and how it craved for love. But people said that this great Englishman had no heart at all, only a ball of cotton! —*Mr Disraeli's Griffin!*

III. I must now touch lightly on that very objectionable but growing practice amongst us, to select as, *par excellence*, fitting theme for the gossipper—the subject of RELIGION. Nothing seems to whet this appetite so much, as the inquiry whether such and such a person be thoroughly orthodox, or what he thinks of certain doctrines? To me this is altogether a marvel; honestly—a very great marvel. I shall explain why it puzzles me so, in the form of three questions. And *first* I address *you*, my very pleasing and intelli-

gent young lady; for your eye informs me, that this subject is not indifferent to you;—state, I pray you, whether one is apt to *speak* most about the thing one *loves* most? What for instance would your instincts say—I do not appeal in this case to *experience*—what would your instincts constrain you to say, if you heard your companion there—that other young lady—conversing almost at random, or with any stray acquaintance she might pick up—concerning her last serious *affaire de cœur?* I have met with such phenomena in distant parts of the world where I have wandered; and *my* inference was, that the so-called affair was not an *affaire de cœur* at all, but only of amusement, perhaps of vanity; that Cupid's arrow had merely tickled the region about the heart—there not being flesh enough in the heart itself, for the barb to fix in. Have you not heard too of the *loneliness of sorrow?* I subjoin a few words of a wise and noble man, and solicit you

to treasure them up and ponder them at your vigils—*There is a certain reticence with us, as regards anything we deeply love.*—Again, tell me, *how* you expect to reach the knowledge you appear to crave? Recollect the actual circumstances. You meet this person in general society; you know little of his prevailing manner of thought; you would converse with him nevertheless, respecting modes and forms of Being scarcely to be spoken of in human language; great Entities whose sphere is—to say the least—at the very outer circuit of that to which language extends—far beyond reach of conversational flippancies. Are you certain that he and you designate the same emotions by the same names? Or what is important likewise, can this brief and unsatisfactory intercourse, have informed you of the story of his struggles, or of the *specialties* of that nature which, what may seem to you, *peculiarities* in his religious position, have been found efficient to quiet

and rectify? If you seek nothing deeper, than the *shape* of his formal creed, why, reference to certain chapters among our *Libri Symbolici* will suffice. But, take my well-meant warning, inquire not more curiously than this; the ground beyond, must *to you* be uncertain, and your attempt to walk in it quite disappointing.—Once more. Is it possible to imagine a tangible rational *object* for all this anxiety? It cannot be, that you would try to change the stranger's belief? Still less that you expect him to modify yours? Meeting and associating as you do, the one thing is quite as wide of possibility as the other. What then? The indulgence of idle curiosity? Well I know, that an intercourse sometimes begins of heart with heart—even on subjects so solemn and high —in a manner that is seemingly fortuitous, and whose influence ends not where it began, perhaps, not with life itself: such communings however, do not belong to the *flotsam* and *jetsam* of the

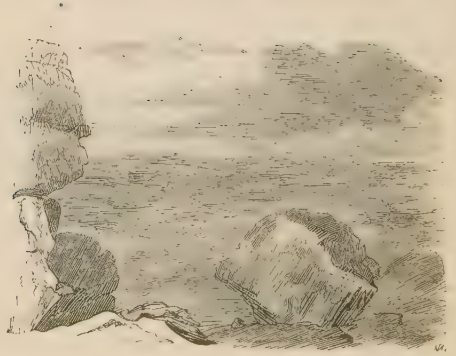
drawing-room. Is it mere curiosity then? The remark I am now to venture on—although I am satisfied of its truth—is a very painful one; it involves a mystery, and must read like a libel on Human Nature! And yet what hateful significance lies beneath that complacent smirk, with which you were just now detailing your suspicions of our neighbour's *soundness?* Do his errors or supposed errors make you better pleased with yourself? Is it necessary that he be heterodox, so that you appreciate the value, the superiority of your own orthodoxy? Was Mr Pecksniff right after all, that the chief final cause of the beggar and the homeless, is, that easy gentlemen may enjoy—the better for contrast—their evening woollen slippers and stuffed arm chairs? Go to, little Pharisee! *I thank thee,* LORD, *I am not as yonder Publican!** To thy retirement, quick!

* There is something very subtle in the vice now alluded to. Nimble and slippery as a snake; mutable as the chameleon. One

and in the quiet of the night, strip off those unwholesome complacencies. Mote as thou art—nakeder now than when thou wert born—place thy soul beneath the great Infinite, wherein there *is* a home, if perchance thou couldst reach it. In silence, in silence, be still! Lo! it *may* come—rolling like a vast billow—to seize thee, tear thee

of the wisest writers of the day, a man who more than any other deserves to be termed a great practical moralist—I mean Mr HELPS, —observes in one of his pregnant essays:—*You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his* INTIMATE FRIENDS, *or meet him in company with them.* The experience of every one of us pronounces this to be fatally true; nay I believe, that if one wished to discover another's failings, his first step would be to procure introductions to these same *intimate friends!* The faults are narrated indeed with much show of sorrow, but in nine cases out of ten, the narrator experiences a secret self-gratulation! To analyse fully this very complex state of mind would require an essay, and the acuteness of Mr HELPS, or of REINHARD; but in regard to the *talking* part of it, I have no hesitation in referring it chiefly, to one of our leading social vices, viz., an excess of the *love of approbation:* a vice, the worse because externally amiable; giving no warning by offensiveness, it eats and eats at a man's heart until he is *dead.*

from thy miserable moorings, and carry thee onwards towards its own depths, ay, even the IDEA written in that awful MONOSYLLABLE which no Hebrew dared pronounce, but which—as fit *pabulum* for common talk—*we* discuss so glibly and so recklessly; mostly, I fear, uttering it in vain.



II.

And so, having fenced this social circle or *zone* of ours, formally debarring uneasy intruders; let me now examine itself, scrutinise its contents in brief, and record what I there discern that is pleasing and gracious. Nor indeed does it require any special faculty of insight, or tedious research—still less, irruption into the region of the *forbidden*—to enable one to find at Ben Rhydding what may well be ranked among his fairest experiences. I shall not choose to forget that prevailing disposition to be pleased; that mutual helpfulness; ever-recurring acts of kindness—say rather, of *tenderness*—unbought and unpurchasable, inclining the afflicted man to believe that surely he is not amid strangers; patience under prolonged debility and suffer-

ing, and the gloom of darker hours made light by Christian resignation and manly fortitude: all too, so nearly universal, that exceptions in the direction of turbulence, selfish specialties and discontent, one could afford to be amused with—as follies. But besides this air of general satisfactoriness—if I may so term it—there are certain *individual* features characterising social unions of this description, to which I am induced —before we part—to ask my reader's attention. It may have been observed, that, like a late illustrious statesman, I am singularly partial to the number *three:* three points here also seem worthy of being noted.

I. There is a vice in our conduct towards men in the ordinary world—especially in the mode in which we select and reject acquaintances—which happily cannot prevail in Wharfedale. It is unquestionably true, that, for the security and well-

doing of his own peculiar work, every one must practically limit the number of those with whom he desires much intercourse; and for the same reason our selection cannot always rest on prolonged and conscientious scrutiny. Restriction or limitation is indeed a *necessity;* it ought to be an unwelcome one: nevertheless nothing is more common than, while rejecting persons from our acquaintance, to reject them from our *sympathies* also; and *that* frequently through sheer fastidiousness or caprice—shoving this one and that one unceremoniously aside, because something about him does not square with our *taste*, or answer the requisitions of our peculiar *ton*. Nay, there is more even than caprice; injustice, positive unmistakable *injustice*, follows on it. No sooner has this folly been committed, than we address ourselves to *defend* it—literally craving for, and often unconsciously *inventing* reasons why we should relegate into the outer world, and if

possible *dislike* the very innocent objects of that caprice. I have actually known a man shun another, and rather dislike him, on no other ground than the victim's snub-nose, or the sound of his voice, or even the tie of his neckerchief; and then no end to the wrong-doer's ingenuity in spinning theories—metaphysical conscience-salves—proving that the victim's psychology was likewise tuneless, his soul snub-nosed too! Now if, by accident, any one has brought inclination towards such whimsicalities into the district of Ben Rhydding, it is lucky for his enjoyments and his increase in rationality, that close at hand, is that grand corrector of all blundering and injustice —EXPERIENCE. There is indeed no house-room for fancies of this sort, amidst a limited company, each individual of which, has, lying on his hands, certain idle hours that must be filled up somehow for the banishment of *ennui*. Baseless prepossessions, if indulged in at all, are squeezed

out of one's brain, in the rapidest manner, by the sheer force of circumstances. Companions require to be found for one's walks; and as we can't, in such a case, always *select*, we are constrained to make the best of what chance offers: and it is rare indeed to alight on any one not possessed of excellencies, or from whom, if we have skill to extract them, we may not receive alike pleasure and instruction. An absurd mistake of my own, at this moment recurs to me. During my residence at Ben Rhydding, a person of a somewhat unhappy condition of body came as a patient to the establishment. He was very unmistakably adipose. Sunken eyes, seriously menaced by encroachments of the cheeks; and a general oiliness. He was short too—*dumpy*, if it must be said. I forgot at the time that I had known City Aldermen of spare persons; and I attributed to the new-comer slight over-addiction to the less-refined amenities of the table,—I am

not sure that I did not employ the term—Pig! . . Well: one morning—shame on my sluggishness—as I was stirring myself up for my ante-breakfast walk, I met the imputed Pig returning from his, waddling more energetically than gracefully down from the Moors. He held out to me a bunch of heather, exclaiming exuberantly at the same time—"See what I have got: it is the first of the season: I have pluckt it for my young daughter at home!" It was a *delicate white heather blossom*—in all probability a firstling. Farther acquaintance revealed to me, a genial, well-informed, cultivated and sympathetic soul, struggling manfully with everything of the species of the adipose, and hoping at present to attain increased facilities of locomotion, that so its sphere of usefulness might be augmented. Is it marvellous that I have felt chary since, about attributing to any substantial-looking stranger, the honour of psychological connexion with London Aldermen?

—Story-telling is contagious; and I must tell another: — let me, however, briefly expose in the first place the general doctrine to which all these separate moralities point. "All men," says GOETHE somewhere, "have their attractions and repulsions according to their nature, some more, some less, some in longer, some in shorter pulsations:" Or,—to translate into vernacular—*No man is quite the round shilling.* Often, indeed, one meets a person, who, on the sunny side, is abundantly fair and wonderfully circular; but try him about the north-east quarter! Select for instance the very best specimen among your acquaintances; examine him thoroughly; apply the tape to him round and round, and from head to foot; and then tell us candidly the result! Many things, I grant you, this specimen of yours can do well—admirably even; but this is not the point at issue; the real gist of the question is, whether there is not much he cannot do, nay, which he

could never learn to do? I quite recognise your friend's acquirements, his powers, his genius; but observe that disproportion among his faculties! Imbedded in the very frame with his genius, don't you detect some credulity or some stupidity, some obstinacy or some rashness, some narrowness of mind or some indifference, some excess of idealism or some hardness, some helplessness in circumstances which would present no puzzle to far meaner men, and—what is incomparably more absurd—the poor man's serene persuasion that he is a very master of the craft in his relation to those subjects which he ought never to touch at all! Absurd indeed! But absurder by far, if, looking ever at these jagged inharmonious portions—peddling at them vainly as if we could mould the man anew—we come to think solely or even mainly of his infirmities, and overlook or deny his enriching greatness! Absurdest of all! For then through ignorance, intolerance, or self-

conceit we would refrain to gather, amidst social intercourse, its fairest roses. Absurdest of all! Not yet to have perceived that society, the tangled fabric of life, nay, humanity itself, derives what consistency it enjoys, from being made up of adjusted compensations; here an excess, there a defect—a grand system of giving and receiving; the separate parts shapeless as the pieces of a dissected map, but the scheme only the firmer thereby; all various forms and defective modes of Being, interlaced and bound into one organic whole, by necessities and sympathies, springing from these very imperfections!*—Such the pre-

* Notwithstanding my examples and moralities, have I not indeed been at my old error again? *See a note in Chapter I., and remarks unneeded, in text of Chapter II.* I cannot tell how sorely that great writer vexes—nay *irritates* me at times. And yet he is one of the bravest hearts in England! An intellect commanding as trenchant; ignorant of the meaning of ignoble fear; and—although his tears do not lie so close on the back of his eyes as most people's—instinct with human tenderness withal: yet *why* will not Mr CARLYLE, keep due watch over—the *state of his liver?*

amble; now for my story: an incident indeed that did not occur at Ben Rhydding, but which, in an unguarded moment, or in absence of a MENTOR like myself, might have occurred there. The drawing-room of a large hotel at a watering-place in the south, which I visited some ten years ago, was moved one morning from its serenity and thrown into an indescribable hubbub by the arrival of a lady from a neighbouring town, who, they said, was *notorious*, and had virtually undergone the major excommunication. It was not easy for a time to obtain satisfaction as to the case, or even to descry a glimmer of steady daylight regarding it,—so great and Babelish was the confusion. At length I made out as follows,—the female in question was pragmatical, and dogmatical, and evil-minded; she had bad views about the rights of women (strange to say, the *ladies* spoke the bitterest here); she was a Radical besides, and had written pamphlets against the

government of the town she lived in! Formidable truly! yet not formidable enough for one who had long ago got over the folly of flouting people for writing books—always providing they did not expect him to *read* them. I found out the lady accordingly; and in feeble memorial of some of the pleasantest hours of my life, I shall briefly sketch her picture—accurately even to minutiæ—commending it to all kindly thoughts. The unsuspecting cause of our drawing-room panic, had, at the time I speak of, fully attained the meridian age,—having journeyed towards it in singleness; nor had she ever approached the confines of the married state. Of no ordinary intellectual gifts; naturally fearless and frank; somewhat self-willed too, nor anywise unconscious of her powers; add to which, a temperament of singular activity, much desire to do good, with keen sense of pleasure while doing it; and *these*, with a slight deficiency in softness and grace, form the outline

of the character which had risen into a terror with the neat well-trimmed town of P—— in the south-west of England. The complication seems to have grown up in this wise. For years previous to her obnoxious outbreaks, my acquaintance had taken much concern with the whole philanthropic and forward movements of P—— ; and she had made herself so useful, and evinced so much liberality, intelligence, and energy, that her counsel in such affairs became indispensable to the magnates : ascending by degrees, she had slid into a sort of oracle. It is essential to understand, that she suffered under a grievous infirmity —she was *deaf;* so deaf, I mean, that conversation was embarrassing at times, perhaps rather a pain ; for which reason her practical human fellowships were restricted within limits too narrow to be wholesome ; nay, the direct intercourse she did enjoy was not altogether salutary. Having, as already said, become something like general cham-

ber-counsel to the liberals and philanthropists of the place, she met people chiefly to advise and guide them. Few, because of her *defect*, took the trouble to offer counsel in return; and I must record, in proof either of the extreme politeness or some other quality of the liberals of P——, that in general they preferred to make show of assent to statements and opinions on her part which, they knew well, rested on her imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances. What marvel then—nay, the marvel would have been, had it not occurred—that this vivacious, unsuspecting, lively woman, with her natural tendency to over self-reliance, descended somewhat towards vainglory, seemed to contract herself within a certain arrogance, and thought and spoke more dogmatically than she ought? But such isolation has a yet worse influence. Cut off from *living* human intercourse, we are cut off from communication with the living *instincts*—those profoundest roots

of our human nature; and the knowledge thus lost can never be supplied by *books*, which—besides that they are generally absurd—for the most part record the workings of the mere intellect, or of the logical faculty only. Hence the *practical* inaptitude of every *recluse;* hence his usual incapacity to deal with questions—such as those of government, &c.,—that have mainly to do with the play and regulation of the *instincts;* and *so* did my rapid friend, stimulated by various and extensive reading, by sympathy with independent thought, and also, as I suppose, by no unjust appreciation of the grave stupidities around her, rush into those speculative extravagances—out of her line, and in some respects incongruous with her powers—which, in the loyal town of P——, were visited as high treason. Need I state, that, in *reality*, she was fealty itself. Not a law she did not obey, not a beneficent law she did not reverence: nay, her sound and benevolent

heart instituted additional laws for itself; and within these she moved and lived most loyally, working at some real or fancied good work, with ceaseless zeal, and unflinching cheerfulness. How little aid, how little kindly and honest return for multiplied and honest services, she obtained from the paltry liberals around her, I have already told; but it pains me to add that she received nothing more from her own brother. This brother, a manufacturer of some note, in the same town — his business being to spin a certain thread used in embroidering municipal robes—might, I verily believe, have prevented, or, at least, greatly modified these perilous extravagances; he might have reached her sentiment of *reverence* (for she *had* this in a high degree), by ways open to *him*, through her true inner nature; and *he* knew, besides, circumstances influencing her earliest years, and explaining much —which I would not be justified in narrating

here. *But he did not act so:*—he had paramount duties, it seemed, towards P——; and, like Brutus or Manlius, he stood by his country. Loud as any one, he was ever foremost to denounce his sister's eccentricities, resolute, at every hazard, to save the respectability and good name of his town's corporation: to which besides he had a natural attachment, seeing he was an Alderman, and looked for the golden chain.—And now my young reader, was *I* right? Or should I have taken part in the horror, which on that morning made murky the drawing-room at F——? Reflect, at any rate: reflect, alike on my philosophy and this history; nor hastily conclude either—irrelevant to yourself. Your judgment matters nothing to my friend. Like much that I have heard and seen, she belongs now to the past. She has been borne in her little craft far across the ocean, to a country where there is sunshine while we are in darkness, where mis-

take is not synonymous with maleficence, nor misfortune with crime. Her transactions here are closed; and the balance has been estimated, not according to the expectations of kith and kin, but in the spirit of His mercy, who knows what is in Man, and has a fellow-feeling with our infirmities.

II. There is a quality, eminently salutary to body, heart, and intellect, which ought to characterise all social zones and circles, like those I have been speaking of; and I found it freely developed at Ben Rhydding. To make what I mean plain, I must premise a few general remarks.—It may be taken, I suppose, as an understood fact, that if among the elements of our organism — the ruder or the more refined — disproportionate action exists, debility or an abnormal state, must befal, not the over-tasked or under-tasked organ merely, but the entire fabric

as well. Cut a limb from a man, or deaden it by removing opportunity of exercise, and although, through means of that wonderful power of compensation inherent in our framework, the man may live and get on astonishingly, yet scrutinise him with requisite care, and you will find the want of that limb manifest in all his relations, and the imperfection felt through the whole manner of his being. Cramp or destroy a sentiment or intellectual faculty in the same way; and the results inevitably correspond. The tide of life, obstructed in its proper course, may force its way indeed through other channels; but the new circulation can never be a natural one; channels over-fed, swollen, disarranged; others arid, shrunken, well-nigh closed up, because of absence of the vital stream. Now, it appears even at first sight, that this *maimed life*—if I may call it so—this imperfect or partial action of the great thinking and feeling machine—so

far from being of casual occurrence amongst us—is, in truth, one of the conditions on which society, at present, is built. We have laughed, oftener than once, at those graphic sketches by a modern novelist, of the London *Cabman*,—a sort of leaf they are, from the book of the Cabman's Universe. And surely a strange Universe! As different from the one in which my reader lives and moves, as if Jarvey had been born in some distant planet! Or to go farther, just let any thoughtful person take up Horace Mayhew's appalling book, and construct, if he can, the Universe surrounding and sustaining these singular *Mud-larks?* Now even these, are scarcely to be called extreme cases. In obedience to the requisitions of our huge social machine, we are all being pushed into some secluded nook, where there is often scarce room to stand; we work during our lives within one confined class of ideas—in danger of forgetting that there can be any other.

Possessed naturally, each one of us, of many and diverse faculties, varied susceptibilities, and the usual inheritance of desires, the exigencies that encompass us like an iron fate, demand that we abrogate in their service, the exercise *of all but one faculty only:* and unhappily, they so grind at that poor faculty, that no man has time left for the care or culture of any other. "Take," I have heard some one exclaim, "that walking-stick with the carved Punch's head on the top of it; select one or two flakes of the substance you call *brain;* pin them, according to phrenological rule, on that timber sinciput; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that, as things go, you have probably constructed as good and acceptable an *official* as the stick's master." As for the poor master of the stick, what shall he do then, with his sensibilities; how obtain food for them, how do anything else than let them die, since all day long he must ignore them? Is it wonderful, that

certain impulsive men, meditating on such things, should have begun to investigate whether our Earth may not have got accidentally out of its circuit; or that simple Operatives, not discerning how the function of humanity can be called a grand or divine one—being limited to the mending of threads for ten or twelve hours in the twenty-four—should, in various countries, have thought, in their own bungling manner, of trying to mend affairs by Socialism and other corresponding devices? Into which strange and, till now, unheard-of remedies, I shall not, of course, at present enter; suffice it that as the *spring*, however powerful, will break, if the weight is left on it too long, and be a *spring* no more—*so* if we throw not off at times this weight of common mechanical life, and let outwards, with what strength they may, the promptings of every faculty, and the repressed buoyancy of affection, we must make up our minds that four-fifths of

what we are, shall die; that from men we shall dwindle into carved-headed walking-sticks! I doubt not that on behalf of the conclusion on which I am touching, many more profound physiological views might be adduced; but I rest with referring to *experience;* the experience which has told so often—as I hope—to my reader, of the freshness and new life that come to jaded mind and body, through a brief period of social *abandon.** I am old enough to recollect, how,

* It is singular how our inner spiritual wants are unconsciously expressed and symbolised by outward actions. What, for instance, means that irrepressible disposition manifested at Ben Rhydding, and all such places, even on the part of the gravest people, to take to odd rollicking hats, caps, coats, &c., so soon as they get climatised in the locality? Manifestly, I think, it betokens some wide-spread smouldering discontent with our existing *social clothes.* Do not run too fast, however. No more, I entreat, of that foolish objurgation at the poor Tailor; as if *he* ever did anything else than *suit the man.* Odd *outward* figures indeed, Snip does make of us—these hats, these collars, these formal coats, these long and marvellous boots; all fitter for machines with wooden limbs and iron joints—for stiff stuck-up dolls: but then the mishap is, that our *inward* figures have got to be nothing else, for the most part, than stiff, stuck-up

yearly as the sun went round, grave matrons at the heads of families held their favourite saturnalia, on the occurrence of the physicking season—sometimes even the bleeding season: now I want to introduce instead, some *regular mental relaxation,* some occasional complete relief from cramped social thoughts and conditions, as a *therapeutic agency* next to *indispensable,* in this English life of ours. Not relaxation of *body* merely; I am speaking of the *mind:* relaxation from thoughts

dolls. Notice that solemn white-headed gentleman, the very picture of Old Dombey; *that* is a rich merchant whose Universe lies amid sugar hogsheads and tea boxes—would you dress *him* like a Roman, thinking of a stroll in the Forum? Or, that other, that restless-eyed man who, they say, has just made a great stroke in Capel Court, would you bind his narrow forehead with the laurel sprig, or send him rattling in a triumphal car, down one of your muddy streets? No! no! Snip's clothes fit. Machines, slaving for a machine—that ponderous machine, MODERN SOCIETY—why not don its livery? Pegs in one of these fearful wheels, would we dress like the lily, or the daisy, or the butter-cup? Rebellion indeed, in that portent of indescribable hats and caps; but rebellion against something more worthy of overthrowing, than a thousand dynasties of un-æsthetic Tailors!

of trade, profession, counting-room, spinning-jenny, court-house, or market place:—off with all such fetters; let the freed muscle rebound! Partly, no doubt, owing to the *naïvete* of the present presiding *Numen*, who, in the phrase of Herr Teufelsdröck, wears scarcely any clothes; partly to the changing character of such a society, and the fact, that with all, the foremost thought is *health;* one seldom hears, unless in pastime, either of the world's claims or its hum, at this our shrine of Hygeia. Clergymen forget to be grave; the lawyer lays aside his slyness; young ladies reck not of silks, nor old ones of whist. That world-weary drudge there—standing just now with one foot on the top of a gymnastic pole, and with a laugh merry and ringing as the Doctor's,—what, at present, signifies his inevitable drudgery to *him?* That keen-eyed merchant, with the odd wide-awake, assuredly *he* is far enough, at this moment, from

the Exchange, its fears and proprieties: nay, even yonder formal stalking-horse, is fain to sniff this exhilarating air, unmindful that he has no part or station amidst the world's unfoldings, except—as some Fashion's great-chamberlain—to wear plush and walk backwards!* I believe

* I was about to instance, in a note, that poor drudge—a Medical Grinder by profession—as a special example of the salutary therapeutic effects of a few weeks of *free* existence; but yonder comes a far choicer specimen—my pet specimen indeed—Mr SERGEANT POLUPHLOISBOS! Everlasting vender of empty philanthropy on all possible platforms, terror of the timid witness, ready counsel in questionable cases—is it possible that Hydropathy, or aught else under high Heaven, can elicit *soul* out of you? To put sincerity within that cavernous mouth, feeling or forbearance into its loud blustering noises, life or heart, of any kind, into a machine which for so long has trafficked indifferently—bought, sold, and bartered—with every form and semblance of good and evil, abused and be-lauded with impartial emphasis, every shade of vice and innocence,—a task *this*, one might fairly think, surpassing the capacity of mere mortal Art! But the virtue in perseverance is amazing. The Sergeant, be it observed, had never fawned or flattered any one: his course, with all its absurdity, was *his own*:—positively we soon espied him with a *Ben Rhydding hat!* It has been justly said, that no man should be judged by his vices: I believe that in most cases men are better than their reputed virtues;—at least I would not exchange one gleam of

I may say with safety, that during my residence at Ben Rhydding, I met only *one* person willing and able to resist the free and healthful *abandon* of the place; but *him*, no coaxing or manifold invocations of the *genius loci*, could draw one hair's-breadth beyond himself. I had, and still

the Sergeant's rather unwieldy fun, for entire bushels of his eloquences! —But although the Sergeant's case is far from desperate, I think I might have defied the Doctor, had he put all Wharfe through the *douche*, to make anything of his grandfather, the REVEREND PATRICIUS POLUPHILOISBOS, rector of a parish in West Sussex. A most extraordinary person, the Reverend PATRICIUS! I was very young when I knew him, and the terrors still come over me, with which, as I then thought, he filled all the district. He was a tremendous fellow! His moral indignation was something awful: and we guessed what the whole man must be, from what the part we saw of him was,—he blazed forth so fearfully against things which, in our innocence, we thought peccadilloes—slips by no means unpardonable. There are two classes of Reformers in the world: one class would fain relieve the load of men's burdens, by ever so little, if they could: the other class incline rather to command Men to bear burdens, and so to cultivate virtue. PATRICIUS, of course, was a Reformer of the latter class. His—*Do your duty, Sir!* is never to be forgotten. Woe to the wight, who ventured to hint that the shoe did pinch a little, and that a larger one would be an improvement,—"*Wear it, Sir, though it pinch you black and blue, and be thankful you have a shoe at all!*"

have, a singular interest concerning this man; and partly as a companion to my former sketch, I shall draw him in outline now.—I must, however, veil my subject a little; it is a *character* I would present to my reader, not a *name;* he will excuse me, therefore, if I very carefully shield the *name.*—The gentleman I speak of was not

It was said, that amid all this terrible wrath on behalf of virtue, the REV. PATRICIUS had unfortunately overlooked *himself.* They charged him with carelessness of truth, with ignorance of the meaning of charity; A man lost a heavy wager by failing to discover one solitary instance of generosity of thought or deed, on the part of PATRICIUS; sooth to say, he appeared rather a mean fellow:—things I fancy, he had no time to attend to, because of his able guardianship of *principle* and the public weal. How stern that patriotism! If any one injured the public, by slighting *him—Id Tiberii animum altius penetravit!* Was a novelty proposed, something that had not occurred to PATRICIUS, and which therefore might not be *safe? "Hold your peace, Sir! There are wiser heads than yours!"* Tennyson writes somewhere—*a little grain of conscience made him sour:* according to Hahnemann, infinitesimal doses are the strongest.—When, at length, PATRICIUS died, there came on us, who were young, a still greater fear. If he was so terrible when living, what must he be when dead! A childish notion! He went, as they say, to his *rest:* I know nothing more.

beyond middle life, spare and solemn: always solemn, he never laughed, rarely smiled; from the furrows about his mouth, there was—no doubt of it—a strife within: you never saw him with a Ben Rhydding coat or hat; always with the old world's stiff and solemn clothes. There was a certain strife that *appeared* too, and of a curious kind. He was absorbed, at the time, in a subject which much occupied people's minds: what that was, I need not state,—suppose it a discussion anent the Roman College of AUGURS, or the old story concerning the banishment of ANAXAGORAS. Well; there was a popular side and an unpopular side of the question, among the persons called your liberal, enlightened, unprejudiced men; but I had long noticed that if any one really took the view said to be popular and liberal, and *acted* as if he *believed* it, people—even these liberal, unprejudiced, &c. &c,—said that it was *too much*; the safe thing for a man to do was to

hold by a sort of ten-pound retail-shopkeeper policy—to *shew off* with some of the principles of the popular side, but really to hold and act by the specific conclusions of the unpopular one. You might be liberal in *generals;* but as to *particulars* —it was plain that one might easily go too far. Now the *strife* of my remarkable acquaintance was this: I knew him sufficiently, to harbour not a doubt, that his very powerful intellect turned with its whole force in one direction—that, viz., along which people liked to be thought to go, and yet never went: but I found him in regard to every important practical *action*, invariably as good a ten-pounder as any of them all; and what seemed emphatic, he was ever trying to *explain* and defend his ten-pounderism, by endless and certainly most astonishing arguments. Arguments indeed never to me comprehensible; for although I followed him perfectly, and admired his unrivalled clearness when he told me of his

tendencies in the direction natural to his faculties, he could give no more distinct account of his progress in the opposite direction, than a moth of its wanderings in the mist. Yet how he talked and discoursed and wove away at arguments! It was not the apparent intellectual inconsistency just indicated, that puzzled me,—too much oddity and logical inconsequence of all kinds about Ben Rhydding, to permit marvel in that direction; but *why* was he *never at ease*, why did he never unbend, why in obedience to the fashion and *privilege* of the place, did he not throw off these formal clothes?—I am a believer in sudden *conversions*, as they are called. I believe in the power of a natural impulse, or a natural appeal well-timed, to throw down suddenly into the dust, whole bastiles of false artificial logic, within which, through education, or mischance, or indolence, the soul has permitted herself to be imprisoned: and I resolved to bring

such power, in this instance, into play. I carried my solemn acquaintance off accordingly, one sweet *chiaro-oscuro* afternoon, across the heath. The sky suited *him*, for the sun shone out only at intervals; the mellowed light suited me also, for I wished the presence of all gentle, homely influences. I led towards a confined and singular valley—a large cleft in the side of the mountain — its interior strewn with huge blocks of stone, through which a narrow pathway winds; I used to call it the valley of Difficulty.—(DEAR FRIEND! with whom I have often walked there, forget me not!).—We were soon shut out from the world, and alone: these great masses of fallen rocks, and silence! He had got on his favourite theme, as we crossed the moor; and still, he kept spinning and weaving. Surely, I thought, no mists from the earth can steam upwards to him *here:* but still, he wove and wove, until the subdued sky seemed almost being shut out, by

that incomprehensible cobweb. Watching my opportunity, I brought him, at a turn of his discourse, to a memorable place. The valley, I have said, is on the side of the mountain. It does not terminate gradually, but at once,—cut off unexpectedly by a *transverse* slice: rugged rocks stretching from hill-top to hill-top, with the sweep of a suspended chain, are thus a foreground of the prospect below and beyond. That afternoon the prospect was surpassingly glorious: Wharfe, and its woods and holms, in the colour of declining day; hamlets and single dwellings of men; blue mountains stretching far away; Nature in her fullest loveliness; the grand and the gentle works of GOD!—My companion paused in his discourse for four beatings of the pulse; put his hand to his brow; *winked* as men do when under too strong a light; turned back to the stones and the winding path, and then set to spinning again! The experiment had disastrously

failed!—Disastrously? How could it otherwise? That very afternoon, accident succeeded where purpose was baulked. The man unveiled himself before me. And what was he, think you? In very faith and in my heart, I grieve to tell it. No wonder that he clung so to his clothes. Notwithstanding that firm intellect, that sonorous research, that everlasting spinning and weaving —he was an utter nonentity; not a vestige of REALITY or of a MAN; Unbelief, make-believe all! It was the old story,—Ambition; the ERITIS SICUT DEUS: nay not that, only its mean worldling counterpart — he was struggling for *consideration.* A state-object in view, he needed *consideration* to obtain it; and he span and span, to catch men and their foolish no-thoughts. He had fine names for all this, profound theses to prove it right; for "the world was the world," and "men had to be led by means." So, when we do not wish to see, we shut our eyes at first;

then persuade ourselves it were wrong to open them; last of all, we *cannot* open them,—*the iron has entered into the soul.* Oh, mean price for an Immortal Spirit! What gladness in one shout of heartfelt laughter, on the heaths above Ben Rhydding, compared with a whole world-chorus of such applause :—

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere:
You pine among yon halls and bowers;
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.
In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
But sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time,
You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If Time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate?
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.

III. I have only one other remark to make, and that, of a tone not unsuiting a final one. Out of the acquaintanceships arising amid these associations, companionships are sometimes formed; and, as might be expected in such places, one thus comes to see more of the difficulties, trials, and sorrows besetting mankind, than the common world throws to its surface. I know not through effect of what personal idiosyncracy, but during my stay in Wharfedale, and, certainly without conscious solicitation on my part, it was my frequent fortune to have the curtain lifted up, to become acquainted with strange unexpected histories, sometimes moving me exceedingly, and which struck me into silent awe as I thought of the lot of man. It is amazing how equal after all, how relatively *level* are our various terrestrial destinies! Glancing round one, on the seemingly healthful faces environing the Doctor's cheerful table, it must occur sometimes, how little that

prevalent freshness, betokens the strife of the organism, with various and in some cases with serious if not fatal disease. So in the actual world, there is not perhaps one human being, none, certainly, I have ever known, unembarrassed by foes within or without—who requires no human sympathy, who has not some wounds that might be soothed by tenderness. Yon inviting plain, whereon the great man has built his house and walled himself round,—it turns out a poisonous marsh, never to be drained, and there lives in it a brood of serpents. In the cleft of that rock, again, which Safety herself might have made an asylum, you have clear air indeed, but briers invade the garden, and the eagle pounces upon the lamb. Oh! there is no judging from mere appearances! Toil, sorrow, tragedy enacted or tragedy overhanging,—incessant contest; behold the sum of human history! It is HAZLITT, I think, who has said, that in travelling along at night, pelted by

rain, we sometimes catch a glimpse of the interior of cheerful-looking rooms, with light blazing in them, and conclude involuntarily how happy the inmates must be; yet, *within*,—if you knew all, would you exchange for *these*, your own outside storm? WORDSWORTH has recorded the same thought in his own imperishable strains—

> *Amid the groves, amid the shadowy hills,*
> *The generations are prepared: the pangs,*
> *The internal pangs are ready: the dread strife*
> *Of poor humanity's afflicted will*
> *Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny.*

—— What, then, means it,—these aches of body, and mental pangs, sadness, sighing, conflict with no apparent end? The pains that have reached you—that decrepitude which has fallen on you as a blight,—tell me, Oh Young Man! whether you have learned in that blood-red page, that with health, folly should return, or prudence, moderation, obedience to the laws of GOD, and

victory? FRIEND—loved and revered! as I have gazed on thy time-honoured countenance, and beneath its benignant calm, discerned the hand-writing of grief, I have marvelled if indeed to purity, and long-suffering, and peace, the soul must ever walk through sorrow. Ay! this is the true Theodicy. Happy he, who has discerned it; whom contest with obstacle, has led at last, out beneath the clear sky of conscious freedom, and taught to be a Man! In vain have Dreamers promised, that in this Life, strife shall one day cease, and room be found for the full development of every Human Passion. Strife without end, below! Never *here*, Power unbounded, Love satisfied, the burning thirst for Knowledge slaked! *This*, is the true Theodicy! There have been, to whom Life was one long travail, and Death a sore path to deliverance; yet surely, in yonder high land, a rest is laid up for the patient, and full fruition for the meek. Oh ye pure and

glorious Spirits, gentle still though glorified, if, towards you there ever arises that dull and heavy earth-note, carrying upwards griefs, and sighs, and tears,—it may be there are tones there, even of woe, wailings and wild pulsations of the bewildered heart, for which, it is your privilege to know, that quiet is also preparing, a rest however humble, within that vast harmony, which, when all things are revealed, shall be found through the whole universe of God! Behold! the VISION hath spoken:—"*What are these arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?* And he said—*These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple.*"

Ben-Rhydding! Farewell. To thee, gray house, and all that are within and around,—a kind farewell! Now, for months, you have been with me: instead of weariness, you have given me hope; strength and purpose, in room of despondency: accept, as I cast them towards you, these light but earnest words of thanks. I feel that I could fain return—explore the higher Wharfe, and Ingleboro' with its massive limestones, and Hornby, and the sources of the lovely Lune; but it may not be. Let the past remain with the past: we must not move in circles. Labour beckons now, and the day is declining. Onward, and not in circles,—

—— for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die.

Appendix.

UPPER VALLEY

Appendix.

Criminal.

> "*Five of the Metropolitan Detective Police have just been sent down to Berwick to protect the Tweed Salmon.*"—LONDON PAPER.

THE prefixed motto emboldens me to proceed with the matter of this Appendix. It is an *Appendix*, not a *Chapter*, because

its problems are of a special order:—*inter alia*, this is one —What is the value of a *salmon*, weighed against a *man*, in the eyes of the dispensers of that guardianship named the —*Detective Police?* I must premise, too, that in offering this narrative I certainly do not intend to prefer charges against the inhabitants of these districts—taking them individually; I have found them honest men, intelligent men, humane as intelligent, albeit usually with a line or two of *Yorkshire* in the woof. Nevertheless, thus stands the fact; within a region wholly rural, containing at present not more than one thousand souls, the following tragedies, in addition to that Ilkley one (page 59), have been enacted within a period, in most instances recent, in none tasking the memory of the oldest inhabitant. And yet it is abundantly strange, not one of the cases I shall relate was ever legally inquired about: the murder is still unavenged.

I. The occurrence I shall mention first is the oldest of all—perhaps its date touches on the limit just spoken of, that, viz. of the memory of the oldest inhabitant:—I allude to it chiefly because of a singular incident connected with it. Up in the dale watered by the Nidd, there is a spot where the river sinks from sight, and prefers for a time an underground course. This circumstance — not uncommon in these regions — is owing to the frequency of faults, shafts, caves in that great limestone rock, the predominant formation here. In the neighbourhood of the place referred to, where the clear stream

withdraws itself, a Scottish packman or pedlar was murdered upwards of fifty years ago; and common rumour, or rather *knowledge*, pointed to a certain farmer as the perpetrator of the deed. The moving cause towards this bloody atrocity was distinctly avarice—the value of the Scotchman's purse and wares; nor were these inconsiderable: at the time I speak of, the packman trade was the merchant caravan of these hilly regions, and it has not yet ceased to be lucrative; —the merchant, however, being both merchant and camel. Rumour of the poor man's death, as well as of the manner and author of it, reached, after a time, his paternal homestead in Scotland; and a brother, urged by unquenchable longings of a brother's heart, nor, it may be, uninfluenced by *national* animosities yet far from extinct, took staff in hand and travelled alone to the fatal spot, with a view, as he declared, to discover and have vengeance on the murderer;—all hope of regaining the property being of course gone. It is said that he reached the house of entertainment, whither he had bent his steps, on a dark and stormy December night, weary, if mere toil could have wearied him, and peaceful for the time at least, if contest with rain and piercing wind could have abated his more intense purpose and resolute ferocity. Singular to tell, in the very room into which he was shewn, battered and haggard, four men sat drinking around the fire—*one of them the murderer!* Strange contact! A believer in mesmerism would have expected no mere ordinary results; and, certainly, if excitement of feeling is a condition favourable to the reception

of these impalpable influences, that wild Northern man should have learnt the terrible secret. He did not, however: but, perhaps, through the presence of some *aura*, some indefinite *sense* not interpretable by consciousness, he could neither eat nor rest. He told his name and errand,—that his vow of vengeance was ineffaceable, and *must* be performed. He strode round the room, exclaiming, "O that the villain were here who killed my good brother!" And as he came near the object of his vengeance, he stopped and waved his arms over his head, and his eyes glared redder and fiercer. The men bent with fear: the miserable ruffian himself, although a much more powerful man than the wearied stranger, trembled like a child, and fain would have shrunk into the ground. His companions contrived to have him conveyed away; and thus a new tragedy was saved. Ere morning, the intelligence spread abroad; but Passion and Right had so enwrapped the Avenger in terrors, that the people, young and old, were as if stricken dumb; and he passed on his way, the secret undivulged. It is said that the awe of that night and that figure still rests over the place where the Nidd flows underground.

II. Also long ago, between forty or fifty years from the present date, the district of Ilkley was horrified by the brutal murder of the Ilkley carrier. His body was found, all battered, on the high road, not half a mile from the village:—it is curious enough that, without exception, all the murders I have to speak of, were perpetrated by blunt instruments; no sudden

solitary blow; but savage, fierce, deliberate, and repeated. In this case also, opinion pointed distinctly to one man as the author of the deed; and many circumstantial narratives accounted both for the *why* and the *how:* not a vestige however, of investigation! The law was silent; equivalents in those days for *detective police*, probably engaged with the great-grandfathers of our present young salmon! The popular feelings took their own course, and brought out their own form of retribution; they say that the property of the guilty man wasted away without apparent cause, and that though once rich, he died an abandoned and drunken beggar.

III. I shall next group together two murders, whose date is only from twenty to thirty years ago, and which both took place in the district above Barden Tower. In this case, too, the perpetrators escaped, for there was no serious inquiry: nor was that other characteristic wanting—the universal opinion of the people that they knew the guilty men. This latter feature is, I think, a very expressive one; it tells, more emphatically than aught else could do, of the absence of all effective law; the people knew, or believed they knew, the murderers, and yet they neither took steps to bring justice to bear on them, nor manifested astonishment that it slept. The two victims were named Thomson. The first, the gamekeeper of Barden Park, was found murdered on Barden Fell, by a blunt weapon as before, probably the butt-end of a gun. The perpetrator in this case was said to be another gamekeeper, whose

trim cottage has been pointed out to me.—The other case, in several respects, was a worse one. A decent farmer, named as above, had been in strife with two neighbours, one of them a certain gamekeeper; and fierce threats passed—threats which, in the neighbourhood of the leafy glades of sweet Bolton, seem to have—*a meaning*. One morning, at a turn of the road between Barden Fell and Skipton, near a clump of wood on the declivity towards Barden, the poor man was found, his horse and cart overturned, himself in a ditch, his neck broken, and the sharp edge of an empty cask thrust down upon it. I shall tell you, reader, where to hear more of this, than I choose to narrate; for the narrative might touch on *one* very clever man: more graphically by far, too, than I could give it, you may obtain the account in the little inn near *Barden* Bridge, from the old lady—old *girl* they call her here—who keeps it, and to whom I have been indebted for sundry entertainments, alike to man and horse, during my wanderings about *Symon's Seat*. There is an ingenuous young girl there besides, to whom poetry and various letters are not unknown; but to the ancient one, you must apply, if you would become deeply read in the peculiar humanities of Upper Wharfedale.

IV. Our next step brings us almost to yesterday. It is only twelve years, since Upper Barden was thrown into commotion by the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the nephew of Mr Robin Bland, a well-known and quicksighted farmer there. This nephew and Mr Bland's son, Jonathan

held partnership as cattle-dealers: the two young men were together at a fair, and Jonathan's cousin was never seen afterwards. Every possible search for the body was made by the country people—many of whom were the young man's acquaintances: no hesitation as to the conclusion that murder had been done, for there had never been any other way known there in which men disappeared suddenly: and as the search proved fruitless, it was supposed that he had been first murdered, then thrown down a pit, into some deep cleft of the limestone rock, or some gully in the river. Murmurings and sundry suspicions; and as *cousinship* seems scarcely a safe affinity in these quarters, Mr Jonathan Bland was pointedly interrogated concerning his relative. He stood his ground unflinchingly, I believe; simply declaring that he knew nothing concerning the matter. Years now pass on, during which the regrets of acquaintances are being allayed; but the affair was not forgotten; murmurs still rife, and various angers;—reminiscences concerning other casualties coming up again, with no assuaging effect. About a year and a half ago, in June 1850, a dead body was found in the moors, behind Symon's Seat, in a peat bog; the place was a dreary and lonely one, out of the way of traffic or pathways, and not, therefore, likely to be visited. Now this body was said to be identified with that of the missing man; the people at this moment will swear to that; yet strange to say, no investigation, no step on the part of the Law, not the assistance of one solitary Detective! Mr Robin Bland, whose interest concerning his nephew was

to be expected to be considerable, and who was perhaps irritated also by renewed questionings at Mr Jonathan, now came forward in print—viz., in a Leeds newspaper—whether the *Mercury* or the *Times* I do not at present recollect: he wrote that he had reason to believe his nephew was in America; and he pointed by name to certain persons who, he said, had been assured of that, by letters some short time ago. Now here was a distinct alternative, at all events. If these letters existed, and if they were real *bonâ fide* American letters, this part of the question would at once have been set at rest; but if they did not exist, or were not *bonâ fide* American letters, then some one must have deceived Mr Bland, and the thread might have helped Detective Justice to find out who that some one was. But the case, as it now stood, would not have been concluded, by the mere discovery of the reality of these letters: *that* was only *one* step in the way of solution. If they were not real, indeed the probability recurred, that the body found was that of Mr Bland's nephew, and the forgery of the letters would thus become significant. If however they were real, and the nephew might be concluded therefore, to be alive in America; then this *body* must be the body of *some one else*, and *another* foul murder had to be investigated.—In London, such a case would have been considered a good one; but around Barden it is better for Detectives to protect salmon.

And so terminates this present contribution to the statis-

tics of crime in Upper Wharfedale. Philosophers may draw philosophic inferences; Moralists extract from it a fresh point to their dissertations; and Churchmen connect it, if they can, with aggressions by the Pope: meanwhile, Long live bucolic simplicity and innocence,—say I!—FINIS.

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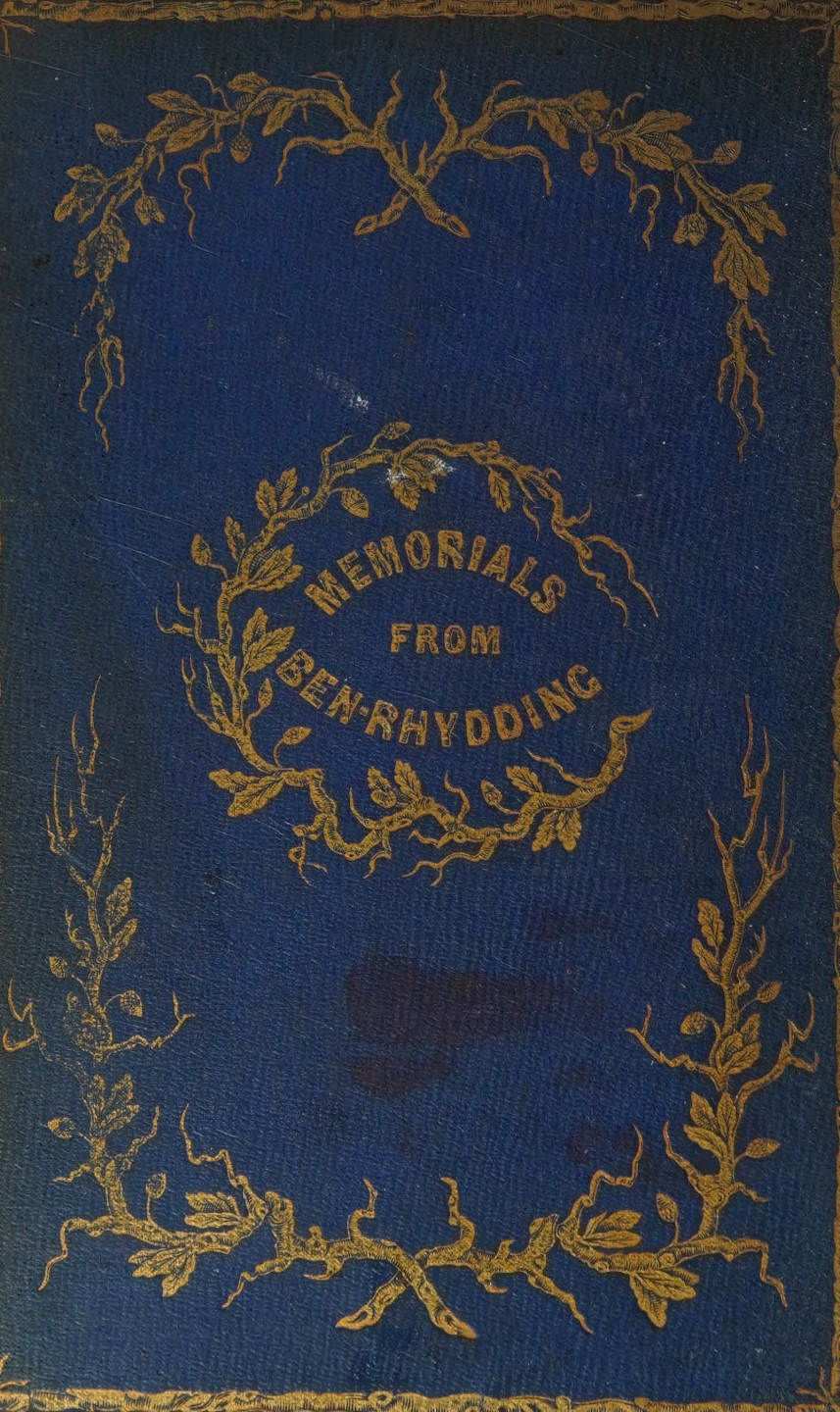
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